

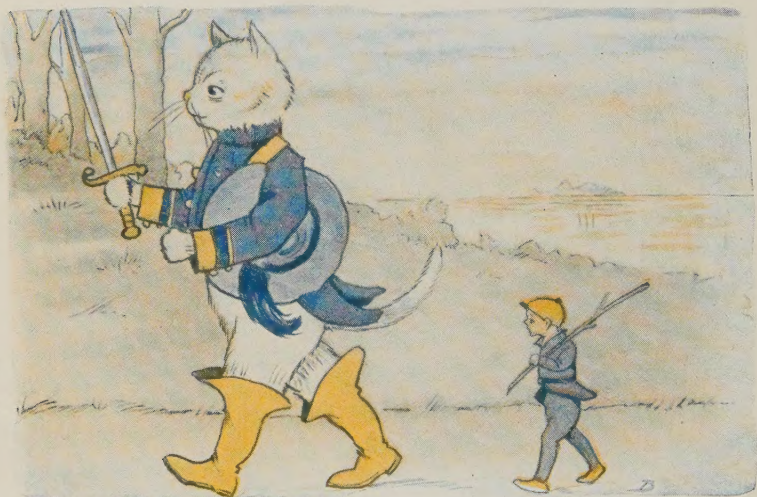
TRAVELS OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR.



BY DAVID CORY



*“Robinson Crusoe, how do you do!”
As a strangely dressed man came into view,
Cried little Puss Junior, raising his paw,
As he stood 'neath a palm tree by the shore.*



*Little Tom Thumb with his tiny spear
Follows Puss Boots both far and near.
Did you ever see such a brave little cat,
With a shiny sword and a feathered hat?*




*"Faster, faster, Good Gray Horse,
Hasten swiftly on your course,
'Till I see the stately towers
Where my father spends his hours."*



*A frog among some rushes dwelt;
A bachelor was he,
No frog was ever so polite
Or such a beau as he.*

TRAVELS OF
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

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THE OWL AND PUSS JUNIOR RESCUE THE THREE MEN
IN A BOWL.

Travels of Puss-in-Boots, Jr.

Frontispiece.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

BY
DAVID CORY

AUTHOR OF
LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS,
LITTLE JOURNEYS TO HAPPYLAND,
PUSS IN BOOTS BOOKS, Etc



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TRAVELS OF
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

PUSS STARTS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS



“FATHER,” exclaimed Puss in Boots, Junior, one fine day as he and the famous Puss in Boots sat together in the garden adjoining the castle of my Lord Carabas, “I feel I should not trespass longer on the hospitality of your good master, but should go forth to seek my fortune.”

“What has put such an idea into your head?” asked his father, anxiously. “My Lord of Carabas only yesterday remarked that he was happy to know you were here to gladden my old age.”

“But yet and all,” replied Puss, Junior, “I would see more of the world.”

“Tut, tut!” exclaimed his father. “I have been seneschal these many years to my Lord of Carabas. Never have I wished to see the world again. Once

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was enough for me, and a hard task it was to procure for my lord this very castle outside of whose walls you now sit and wish that you were elsewhere. The story of my life has been written, and every child who reads *Puss in Boots* knows full well how I helped my master in the days of his poverty and trouble."

"'Tis true, dear father," answered Puss, Junior, "and although I had many adventures ere I found you, still, I would see more of this great world."

For some time neither spoke. Then the venerable Puss, Senior, arose and, placing his right paw upon his son's shoulder, said in a low, trembling voice:

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

"Then you give me your permission to go out and seek my fortune?" cried Puss, Junior.

"Yes, my son," replied the old cat, turning away to hide his tears. But Puss, Junior, didn't see the tears. He was so delighted to think he could once more go upon a journey of adventure that he ran up the marble steps of the castle with a hop, skip, and a jump, and when he reached his room it took him but a few minutes to pack his knapsack. Then placing

PUSS STARTS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS

his cap with its trailing feather securely on his head, he grasped his trusty sword and hurried down the stairs.

“Good luck, my son!” cried his father, as Puss, Junior, threw his paws about him. “Be a good cat and all will go well with you.”

Well, Puss had gone but a little way when he came to a post on which was a big sign:

HE WHO EATS OF THIS GINGERBREAD WILL BE THROWN INTO PRISON

And right at the foot of the post was a big loaf of gingerbread.

Now I don't know but what Puss might have disobeyed and tasted that gingerbread loaf if, all of a sudden, two of his old friends, the Good Gray Horse and Little Dog Buff, hadn't come along.

“Get on my back, little master,” cried the Good Gray Horse, and then he ran swiftly away with little Puss, Junior, safely on his back, for that wise old horse wasn't going to leave Puss near that nice cake of gingerbread, let me tell you.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

PUSS MEETS A SCARECROW

NOW wasn't it lucky that Puss found his old friend, the Good Gray Horse, as I mentioned in the last story! For when one starts out on his travels it's mighty nice to be on horseback instead of one's own legs, let me tell you.

Well, after our three friends, Puss, the Good Gray Horse, and Little Dog Buff, had gone for maybe a mile and maybe more, they heard a voice call out:

“Wait a minute, if you please;
My pants are bagging at the knees,
My old silk hat is almost off,
And, goodness me! I've got a cough.
To tell the truth, I'm tired out
With scaring crows from hereabout.”

And Puss saw a scarecrow in a corn-field. “Did you speak to me just now in rhyme?” asked our little traveler.

“Yes, I did,” answered the Scarecrow, flapping his arms about till he nearly fell over. And he would have if the pole on which he hung hadn't been placed in the ground very firmly. “If you'll take me with

PUSS MEETS A SCARECROW

you, I'll tell you lots of things, for the man who once owned my coat was a great traveler, and the man who owned my old silk hat was an actor, and the man



who wore my trousers was a conductor on a passenger-train, and the farmer who put me on this pole has made lots of money and owns an automobile."

"But if you come with us who will stay to keep the naughty crows away?" asked Puss.

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"I don't care," replied the Scarecrow. "They all know that I'm only an old-clothes man. They're not the least bit afraid of me. Only this morning one of them sat on my hat and laughed when I told him to fly away."

"But how are you going to walk?" asked the Good Gray Horse. "You can't ride me, for I won't have you."

"You just pull the pole out of the ground and set me free," replied the Scarecrow, "and I'll walk on my own two legs even if they are only made of straw. I'll show you."

So the Gray Horse jumped over the low stone wall and, taking the pole between his strong teeth, pulled it out of the earth and set the Scarecrow free. And then that Scarecrow gave a loud yell and jumped over the stone wall like a college man. And then he said, "Let's be off to seek adventure, for I'm so happy I am free that I could swim across the sea!"

So off they started, Puss on the Gray Horse and the Scarecrow following with Little Dog Buff by his side, and by and by they came to a town called Happyville. "This is the place for me," cried the Scarecrow. "I'll treat you all to an ice-cream soda."

And in the next story you shall hear more about these four jolly comrades.

THE WAGON-RIDE

IN the story before this we left off just as Puss, Junior, on his Good Gray Horse and the Scarecrow with Little Dog Buff by his side were entering the town of Happyville, you remember, and the Scarecrow had remarked, "Let us get an ice-cream soda." But how he knew anything about ice-cream sodas puzzles me, and maybe it puzzles you, but just the same that's what he said, "Let's all get an ice-cream soda!"

"I'll take a quart of oats if it's all the same to you," said the Good Gray Horse. "And I'll take a bone, if you don't mind," said Little Dog Buff. "And I'll take cream without any ice and soda, if you don't care," added Puss, Junior.

"Have what you like," said the Scarecrow, kindly, and he put his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out a big roll of bills. "I've got enough money to pay for anything and everything, thanks to the great traveler who once owned my coat," and he laughed a big hearty laugh and slammed a twenty-dollar bill down on the counter and the soda-water man jumped nearly over the show-case, he was so surprised.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Well, after everybody had eaten the thing he liked best, they started off once more and by and by they came to a wagon-shop. And just outside stood a



beautiful new wagon with yellow wheels and a blue body. "If you can draw that wagon," said the Scarecrow, "I'll buy it."

"Of course I can," replied the Good Gray Horse, for the Scarecrow had spoken to him, only I didn't think to say so till this very second.

THE WAGON-RIDE

"How much?" asked the Scarecrow of the wagon-builder, who came out of his shop to look at our four friends.

Well, the price wasn't too much, so the kind Scarecrow bought it and a nice set of harness, too, for the Gray Horse, and pretty soon they were rattling down the road with Puss, Junior, holding the reins and the Scarecrow and Buff on the rear seat.

"This is much better than walking on straw feet," remarked the Scarecrow, "and much faster, too. We'll get somewhere now if we only keep going."

And you can just bet they kept going. The way the Good Gray Horse threw out his heels was simply wonderful, and the way those yellow wheels went round was simply marvelous. Why, they went so fast that the spokes seemed all to run into one another and make a great round yellow moon, and everybody bumped up and down, for the road was rough. But nobody cared, for he was so happy, was each little traveler.

Well, after a little way, the old silk hat blew off the Scarecrow's head, and Puss, Junior, had to stop and let him get out. And while he was running back to pick it up, Rowley, the frog who would a-woeing go, you know, jumped out of a little pool of water by the roadside and begged to be taken along.

"Jump in," said Puss, Junior, with a grin. "The more the merrier."

And now we must wait until the next story to hear what happened after that.

THE WICKED LORD

WELL, as I was saying in the story before this, Rowley, the frog who would a-wooing go whether his mother would let him or no, jumped into the wagon with Puss, Junior, and his friends, the Scarecrow and Little Dog Buff, and away they went. And this time you may be sure the Scarecrow pushed his old silk hat 'way down on his head so it wouldn't blow off again.

By and by they came to a bridge. One of those very old-fashioned bridges, you know, all covered over like a big long barn. And when they got right in the middle an old owl flew down from the roof and sat on the front seat next to Puss, Junior. "Take me with you, dear Puss, Junior," he said. "Only first let me put on my green goggles, for the daylight hurts my eyes."

"Come along," cried Puss, but the Good Gray Horse turned his head around and said, "I don't mind an owl or another pussy cat or a little boy and girl, but please don't ask an elephant to get in and ride, for that would be too much of a load for even my strong legs."

THE WICKED LORD

“Don’t worry, dear comrade,” said Puss, “there are no elephants in New Mother Goose Land, neither is there room in this wagon for so large an animal.” This evidently contented the Good



Gray Horse, for he trotted along as nicely as you please, and by and by they came to a great castle on a hill.

“Who lives yonder?” asked Puss, but nobody knew. So the Good Gray Horse kept right on up the road till he came to the castle. And then Rowley the frog gave a great “Honk! Honk!” just like an automobile horn, you know, and the gates swung open. Then in trotted the Gray Horse with his

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wagon-load of funny folks, and the keeper of the gates could hardly keep from smiling.

“Tell the lord of this stately castle,” cried little Puss, Junior, “that the son of the famous Puss in Boots has brought his friends with him to make a call.”

“Very good, Sir Cat,” said the keeper of the gates, respectfully, and he bowed low and retired within the castle, and presently he reappeared and invited them all to come in.

Now the lord of this stately castle was not a very good man. He not only robbed every one who passed his lands, but made prisoners of many and held them for ransom. So as soon as he heard that the son of the famous Puss in Boots was outside, he chuckled to himself and said under his breath: “Ha, ha! Now for a princely ransom!” But he never said anything like that to Puss, who entered at that moment. Oh no! He was most polite and offered them all a seat. But by and by he said, “Don’t you want to look over my castle?” And when he got the chance he locked Little Dog Buff in a closet and Rowley Frog in a spare room and the Scarecrow in a chamber. But he waited until the last to make Puss, Junior, a prisoner.

And I’m sorry that I have no more room in this story to tell you what happened after that, so wait until the next story, please, little reader, and then I’ll tell you.

THE RESCUE

WE had to leave off, in the last story, just at the exciting part. It was just after the wicked lord of the castle had locked up Puss, Junior's friends, you remember. And while this wicked lord was wondering what to do with Puss, all of a sudden our little hero drew his sword and said, fiercely: "What have you done with my friends? Where are they, my lord?" But he only laughed and replied: "Never question the hospitality of your host, Sir Cat. Your friends are in the garden looking at the roses."

And then he blew a silver whistle and immediately four big soldiers appeared. "Bind Sir Cat and throw him in the dungeon," and before Puss in Boots, Junior, could defend himself he was bound and taken away.

And, oh, dear me! it was dark and gloomy in that deep dungeon, for it had only a small window 'way up high with iron bars across it. Poor little Puss sat down on a rough wooden bench and tried hard not to be miserable. For the first time in his life he felt he was in great danger. How long he sat there he did

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

not know, when, all of a sudden, a little squeaky voice said to him:

“Cheer up, Puss, Junior. I will help you,” and, looking down, he saw a little mouse at his feet.



“Are you not afraid I will eat you?” asked Puss, sadly.

“Not in the least,” replied the little mouse. “Take heart, my friend. I will run to the tool-house and bring you a file with which you may cut the iron bars and so make your escape.” And then the mouse disappeared, and when she returned she had a file in

THE RESCUE

her mouth. Well, it took Puss some time to saw through those great iron bars, but at last he did, and then he squeezed through and climbed down to the ground.

“But how am I to save my friends?” he asked himself. And then he suddenly thought of the good knight, Sir Launcelot of the Lake. So without a moment’s delay he set off at a rapid pace and by nightfall reached the Court of Good King Arthur.

It did not take him long to tell Sir Launcelot his troubles, and in a short time that noble knight with ten others were hurrying back with Puss to the rescue. The wicked lord saw them coming, but before he could escape they surrounded the castle, battered down the gates, and entered the courtyard. Here a fierce battle took place, the lord of the castle striving to overcome the brave Sir Launcelot. But right always wins in the end, and at length the wicked lord was forced to surrender and give over the castle to the knights of the Round Table. In a short time Little Dog Buff, the Scarecrow, and Rowley Frog were set at liberty, and then Puss took his three friends in the wagon and drove away with Sir Launcelot and his brave knights.

And in the next story I will tell you some more adventures that Puss, Junior, had while on his travels through New Mother Goose Land.

THE LITTLE HUT IN THE WOOD

AS Puss, Junior, drove off in the wagon with his three friends, Little Dog Buff, the Scarecrow, and Rowley Frog, the Good Gray Horse turned his head and said:

“Isn’t it nice once more to be free?” And the reason he said that, you remember, was because in the last story our friends had been imprisoned in the castle of the wicked lord. But thanks to the help of the little mouse Puss had rushed off to the Court of King Arthur and had brought Sir Launcelot and his knights to the rescue. I don’t know why I’m telling you this all over again, except for the reason that perhaps some little boy or girl may not have read what has gone before.

Well, Puss and his friends hadn’t gone very far when Mr. Rowley Frog met a cousin of his. You see, they had just come to a pond by the roadside and the frog who owned the pond was sitting on a log, and when he saw Mr. Rowley Frog he called out: “Hello, Rowley! Where are you going?” And Mr. Rowley Frog said, “Oh, please stop the wagon,” and Puss pulled up the Good Gray Horse and out jumped the

THE LITTLE HUT IN THE WOOD

frog and went over and shook hands with his cousin. "I guess I'll make him a visit," he said. So Puss drove on, and by and by they came to a little dog-house by the roadside, and the big yellow dog that lived there



called out to Buff: "Hello, there, Cousin Buff! Where are you going?" And then Buff jumped out and said good-by. So Puss drove on some more, and by and by they came to a corn-field, and there right in the middle stood a scarecrow, and when he saw our friend, the Scarecrow, sitting in the back seat of the wagon, he called out, "Hello, there, Cousin Scarecrow!" And of course the Scarecrow wanted to make

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

a visit in the corn-field, and so Puss drove on with nobody in the wagon except himself.

"Once more, we are alone, good comrade," he said to the Good Gray Horse.

"Well, as we are alone again, you and I, little master, let us leave the wagon here, for we can travel faster without this four-wheeled cart."

So Puss unhitched the Good Gray Horse, and, mounting his back once more, rode off through a shady path in the woods. And after he had gone for some distance he came to a wood-cutter's lodge, a humble little hut made of logs, with a chimney which was nothing more than a hole in the roof, with a sort of roof over that to keep out the rain. And in the doorway stood the poor wood-cutter, looking here and there as if expecting some one to return. And when he saw Puss he ran forward and inquired if he had seen his wife. "She has a red shawl and carried the baby in her arms."

"No, I have seen no one," replied Puss, Junior.

"I am worried," said the wood-cutter. "'Tis several hours since she left and she should be back by this time." And just then a bird began to sing, and as they listened they heard it say:

"Over the hills and far away,
With her baby on her arm,
I saw a tired woman to-day
Stop at a busy farm."

“MOOLY, MOOLY COW, COME AWAY HOME!”

AS the little bird stopped singing the song I told you about in the last story, the figure of a woman came in sight.

“There she is!” cried the wood-cutter, and he ran toward her with a glad cry. “Where have you been?” he asked, and the woman replied, “To a farm to get some milk for the baby, for it was fretful to-day and our cow has wandered away.”

And then the little bird began singing:

“Oh mooly cow, mooly cow, come away home.
Why all the day did you wander and roam?
The dear little baby was hungry, I know.
Oh mooly cow, mooly cow, why did you go?”

And then, all of a sudden, they heard a cow mooing in the distance, and in a few minutes who should come in sight but the Cow that Jumped over the Moon. And as soon as she saw Puss, Junior, she quickened her steps and in a few minutes was close at his side.

“I got lost in the woods,” she said, “and, oh, dear me! I had such a time finding my way back. But here I am, and, Mr. Wood-cutter, if you’ll only milk

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me, I'll give I don't know how many quarts of milk, for I found some lovely grass by a little brook. Oh, it's good to be home," and she sighed a great big



sigh and waited for the wood-cutter to bring out his milking-pail.

"Tell me how you came here," said Puss, sitting down on the log, while the Good Gray Horse whinnied and smiled at the Cow that Jumped over the Moon.

"Oh, I grew tired of the old farm," she replied, "and one day I wandered off into the woods, and when

“MOOLY COW, COME AWAY HOME!”

I came to this little cabin it looked so sweet and comfortable I just stayed here. That was before the baby came, you see, and now I couldn't go away until he grows up to be a big, strong man." And just then the wood-cutter came out with his milking-pail, and when he finished milking it was so full that it ran over and made a little milk puddle, and Puss drank it all up, for he was hungry with his long journey.

"You shall have some cake, too," said the wood-cutter's wife. "Will you wait until I put baby to bed?" So Puss took off his boots and stretched himself out, and I guess he fell asleep to the tune of the lullaby which she sang to the baby.

"Sleep, little baby, mother is nigh,
Look at the twinkle star up in the sky.
Down through the tree-tops it shines with a light
That looks like a diamond, it glitters so bright.
Sleep, little baby, for mother is nigh,
And the twinkle star's shining at you from the sky."

And the Good Gray Horse kept on munching the soft grass, and by and by the wood-cutter's wife came out and put Puss to bed, and he never woke up, he was so very, very tired, until the next day.

THE GIANT OF THE MERRY LAUGH

THE next morning when Puss, Junior, woke up he was surprised to find himself in the wood-cutter's cottage, for, you remember, in the last story he had fallen asleep and had never waked up when the kind wood-cutter's wife put him to bed.

Well, as soon as he had his breakfast, he took out his purse and gave her a gold piece. "Keep it for baby," he said, with a grin, as he jumped into the saddle and said "Gid-ap" to his faithful Gray Horse. Then on he rode for many miles until he came to a deep river. There was no bridge anywhere in sight, and he was just about to turn away and seek another road when he heard a voice say:

"Whistle three times, Sir Cat, and the ferry-boat that goes to Toy Town will take you over." So Puss did as he was told, and presently a ferry-boat came up close to the bank and Puss urged his Good Gray Horse over the gang-plank which the sailors put out, and soon he was aboard and out in the middle of the stream.

Pretty soon the Captain came down from the pilot-house and began to talk, and he told Puss that Toy

THE GIANT OF THE MERRY LAUGH

Town was a lovely place where all the dolls could talk and the railroad cars would run without winding and the tops spin themselves.

“I shall be glad to see them,” said our little traveler, “for I’ve never been to a town where there are such



queer people, except, perhaps, Alphabet Town, where the letters are all alive and you have to be an artist to write a letter.” And Puss laughed and told the Captain all about Alphabet Town, and as the Captain had never been there, he was very much interested

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and said some day when he grew rich enough he'd sell his ferry-boat and go traveling.

Well, after that the boat reached the other side and Puss guided his Good Gray Horse over the gang-plank and rode away, after paying the Captain two pennies, for that was the fare.

And after he had ridden for many miles he came to a castle where lived a giant. Now this giant was a very kind sort of a big man and liked little people, and when he saw Puss astride of the Good Gray Horse he laughed long and loud, and said in a voice that sounded like a thunderclap: "Ho, there, my little friend in red-top boots! Where are you going. Stop and make me a visit."

"Maybe I'm afraid to," said little Puss. "I once had a narrow escape from the Giant of the Beanstalk. I may have a hard time with you." But the giant laughed, and this time he laughed very low so that it only sounded like distant thunder. "Never fear, little cat," he said, kindly, "come inside and see my castle, and then you shall go on your way, and when you see your father tell him you met the Giant of the Merry Laugh, who had to look through a magnifying glass to see your whiskers!" And then the giant laughed so hard that all the apples fell off the trees.

So Puss entered the castle and in the next story you shall hear of another adventure that Puss had.

PUSS BUYS A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS

AS Puss entered the castle, which belonged to the Giant of the Merry Laugh, as I told you in the last story, he almost stumbled over a giant mouse. It was the largest mouse Puss had ever seen. Indeed, it was almost as big as he was, so you can see it must have been a pretty large mouse.

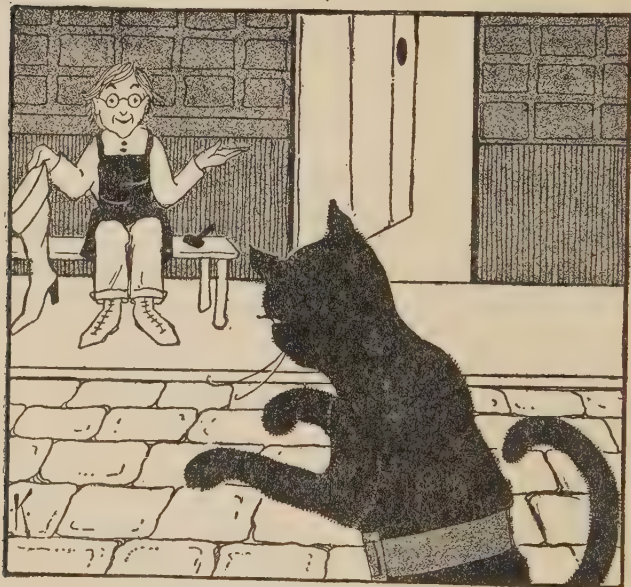
"I'm not afraid of you," he said, with a very loud squeak, and then he whisked his long tail and laughed at Puss.

"Look here," cried the Giant of the Merry Laugh, "don't you know who this is? This is Puss, Junior." And when the giant mouse heard that he said: "Pleased to meet you, Sir Cat. I have often heard of you from the little people of Mother Goose." And then he put out his paw and shook hands with our small traveler.

And after that the Giant showed Puss all over the castle, and many strange things were there. And they were all so very big that it made Puss feel dreadfully small, and he was very glad when it was time to say good-by, for he wasn't used to such great big things, you know. So he mounted his Good Gray Horse and rode away and by and by he came to a blacksmith

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

shop, where he stopped and had the smith look at the shoes on the Good Gray Horse. For a traveler is



always careful to see that the shoes on his steed are in good repair.

“Tick, tack, two or three.
Give the horse a shoe.
Here’s a nail that will not fail.
Tick, tack, two.”

“Can you put a shoe on me?” asked Puss, with a grin.

PUSS BUYS A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS

“No, my little cat,” replied the smith, “but there’s a cobbler in town who will do the trick. His shop is down the street a little ways.” So after the Good Gray Horse was shod Puss rode off, and by and by he came to the boot-shop. And right in front of his door sat the cobbler, a little old man with a bent back and knotty hands, and when he saw Puss he said:

“Shall I make you a boot, Sir Cat, to-day?
I have a pair that is laid away
Upon the shelf, with red tops, too.
Come, let me sell them now to you.”

“Very well,” replied our little traveler. “If they fit me I will buy them, for mine are indeed shabby with much travel.”

So the old bootmaker got down the boots and they fitted Puss without a wrinkle. “What is the price?” he asked, gazing down at them with a grin. “They fit me well, but will the price?”

“Make me an offer, Sir Cat,” replied the cobbler, “and if you are as generous as you are good-looking, they are yours.” So Puss took a gold piece from his purse, and the shoes were his.

And after that he set off once more upon his travels.

OLD FRIENDS

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss bought a new pair of boots, don't you? Wasn't it lucky that the old cobbler had a pair already made that would fit, for how could Puss in Boots, Junior, continue his travels without red-topped boots, I would like to know, and so would you.

Well, after that he rode away on his Good Gray Horse, down the road, leaving the little village behind until the church spire looked like a needle pointing up into the clouds. And after a while he came to a sheepfold where there were many little lambs at play; so Puss climbed up on the fence to watch them, and pretty soon an old sheep came over, and, would you believe it, it was Mary's Little Lamb, only it had grown up to be a big lamb, you know, and had some little lambs of its own.

"Have you seen Mary?" it asked, and then two big tears rolled down its cheeks, for it was very fond of Mary, although it had been a long, long time ago since Mary had taken it to school.

Well, before Puss could answer, who should come by, with a little boy, but Mary herself. And when

OLD FRIENDS

she saw Puss she said—for at first she didn't remember the sheep, for it was grown so big, you see—"Helloa, little Puss, Junior! Where have you been and where are you going?"



"Yes, where are you going?" said Little Tommy Tucker, for that was the name of the boy. "I don't sing for my supper any more. I live with the Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe," and he climbed up on

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

the fence and sat beside Puss, while Mary played with the little lamb. "We have a phonograph that sings all my songs." And then, all of a sudden, a Blackbird flew down from the sky and pecked at Puss, Junior's, nose. But he was only in fun, you know, and when Puss looked at him he saw he was the same Blackbird

Who on a Monday morning
Had pecked at the nose
Of the maid who in the garden
Was hanging out the clothes.

"Don't you do that again," said Puss, "for I remember how you hurt that poor maid's nose and how I had to go to town to fetch Doctor Foster, and you should have outgrown such tricks by this time."

"Yes, you bad bird," cried Mary, "if you want to pinch noses, go into the woods and find Old Mother Witch. She has a long hooked nose and a wicked heart. But you let nice people alone!" And this made the Blackbird dreadfully ashamed of himself, so he said, "If you'll go with me, Puss, Junior, I'll tweek Old Mother Witch's nose as sure as I am black." "I'll go with you," replied our little hero, and after asking Mary to take the Good Gray Horse home with her, he followed the Blackbird into the forest.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened there.

OLD MOTHER WITCH

PUSS, JUNIOR, followed the Blackbird deep into the forest. I hope you remember why they were going there, but if you don't I'll remind you. The Blackbird had made up his mind to give Old Mother Witch's nose a pinch, and a pinch twice as hard as the one he gave the nose of the Maiden in the Garden Hanging Out the Clothes, and that was quite a pinch, I guess, as everybody knows, for the King who was so busy a-counting of his money, and the Queen who was so happy eating bread and honey, had heard the Maiden screaming when off the Blackbird flew because she thought her pretty nose was bitten quite in two.

Well, now that I've told you all this, we'll go back to the forest and peek in through the trees and see what happens there.

"Don't make any noise," said the Blackbird, "for if that old witch hears us she'll do something dreadful." So Puss pulled off his boots and tiptoed along, but, oh, dear me! every once in a while he'd step on a dry twig and then it would snap like a pistol. "'S-s-sh!" cautioned the Blackbird. "We are nearing the witch's cottage." And in a few minutes they saw

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

standing in the doorway of her little log house the wicked Witch. And, oh, dear me! wasn't she a terrifying-looking person. Her nose crooked down to meet her up-crooked chin, and her wicked black eyes glittered fiercely and her knotted fingers grasped a crooked staff.

"Who comes here?" she called out in a cracked voice.

And then the Blackbird flew swiftly over and gave her nose a tweak, which made her little black eyes water.

"Scat, you evil bird!" she screamed, and she struck at him with her crooked staff, but she never hit him. Oh my, no! For that Blackbird was too quick for her. He darted back among the trees where Puss was hiding.

"Cowardly bird!" screamed the old witch. "Come near me again and I will beat you with my staff." And then what do you think our brave little Puss, Junior, did. He stepped out from behind the tree and walked toward her.

"I am Puss, Junior," he cried, waving his sword, "and many a little character in Mother Goose have I defended. I fear you not."

"Oh ho!" cried the witch. "Am I to be flouted by a cat?" and she grasped her staff and ran toward our little hero.

"Come no nearer," he commanded, "or I will use my trusty sword. For you are a wicked witch and I shall show you no mercy."

OLD MOTHER WITCH

At these words she stopped, glaring fiercely at him.

“What would you have?” she asked.

“A promise,” answered Puss, Junior. “You must promise me to steal no more little lambs from the fold. Neither to frighten the little robins nor the silver fishes in the stream.”

“I will not!” she shouted, and again she advanced toward Puss, Junior.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

PUSS IS BEWITCHED

I WAS dreadfully sorry to have to stop so suddenly, in the last story, before I could tell you what happened after the witch threatened little Puss, Junior, with her crooked staff. But I didn't have any more room, and, anyway, don't you think it's nice to be able to look forward to the next story and to wait for mother to read it to you?

Well, to go on with my story, Puss wasn't frightened the least little bit. No, sir! He just stood there until the witch was close enough to hit him with her staff, and then he climbed up the tree and grinned at her from the branch overhead.

"You can't harm me," he said, "for I have a magic plume in my cap which once belonged to the Gingerbread Witch, and I have my trusty sword which my famous father, Puss in Boots, gave me, and I have done nothing wrong. So why should I be afraid?"

"And why should I be afraid, either?" asked the Blackbird, flying up to the branch and sitting close beside our little traveler.

"I will make your feathers white," screamed the

PUSS IS BEWITCHED

witch, and then, all of a sudden, quicker than a wink, that Blackbird became as white as snow.



“Now, what do you think of my power?” asked the witch, with a wicked grin.

“I don’t care,” replied the Blackbird—and I suppose now I’ll have to call him the Whitebird. “White feathers don’t hurt and maybe they are more be-

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coming," and with these words he flew over to the brook and looked at himself in the water.

"And now," said the witch, "I'll change you into a squirrel," and she waved her staff at Puss and said, "Presto, change!" and what do you suppose happened? Well, I'll tell you in a minute. Puss just sat there and grinned and the feather on his cap waved back and forth until the witch grew so angry that she almost flew into a passion, as the story-books say. And then she changed herself into a fierce wildcat and climbed up the tree after Puss.

"Have a care," cried the Whitebird. "Don't let her bite you!" But Puss needed no advice. He jumped nimbly down to the ground and ran into her house and bolted the door, but not until the Whitebird had flown in through the window, which he closed with his beak after fastening the strong wooden blind.

And then wasn't that wildcat witch wild! She was so furious that she scratched and bit the door until she was so tired that she had to lie down and rest.

"Let her stay outside all night," said Puss, Junior, with a grin, looking at himself in a mirror which hung on the wall. And would you believe me if I told you what he saw. Well, listen, but don't get worried. He saw a squirrel looking at him from the mirror.

And in the next story I'll tell you how Puss regained his former shape—that is, if you can wait until then.

THE ESCAPE

WELL, you can imagine how surprised Puss was to see what had happened to himself, but he didn't say anything. He just looked in the mirror again and remarked to the Whitebird: "What do you think of me now? A squirrel with red-topped boots. Why, my own father wouldn't know me!" And he began to laugh.

"That witch has caused us lots of trouble," said the Whitebird, and if you don't know what he means, you will have to read over the story before this.

"How am I ever to change myself back into a cat?" asked Puss, turning the mirror face to the wall, for he didn't like to look at himself any more, and I don't blame him. Do you?

Without answering, the Blackbird—I mean the Whitebird—flew over to a little cupboard and took out a small bottle of perfume. And on the label was written, "Magic Perfume." Then dipping the tip of his wing into the liquid, he touched Puss, Junior, who at once turned into a cat. And of course the Whitebird turned into a Blackbird, and after that our two little friends looked into the mirror, which

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Puss turned around the right way, and they were very happy to see their reflections in the glass.

“But how are we to get away?” asked Puss, squinting out of the window. “There’s that dreadful wildcat witch waiting for us to open the door.” Without answering, the Blackbird flew over to the cupboard again and picked up a piece of meat. And then he carefully poured a little of the Magic Perfume on it and, opening the window just a crack, threw the meat to the wildcat witch, who swallowed it with one bite. And instantly she changed into a little mouse, and before she could run away Puss darted out through the door and caught her, and with one fierce shake he shook her to death.

“Whew!” exclaimed Puss. “Let’s get away from here before something else happens,” and then he and the Blackbird started off through the woods, and by and by they came to the sheepfold where they had left Mary and her little lamb. But she was nowhere to be seen, so the Blackbird said:

“We will go to her house, and you can get your Good Gray Horse and continue your journey of adventure.”

And after Puss had told Mary all about the wicked witch, he mounted his horse and rode away.

“Heigh-ho!” he said to himself, after he had gone many miles and the day was drawing to a close—“heigh-ho, I must find a place to sleep, for it will soon be dark.” And just then he heard a whippo’-will say:

THE ESCAPE

“Over the top of yonder hill
Is a little white cloud that is soft and still.
I think it is waiting for me to rest
My tired head on its soft white breast.”

And this made Puss, Junior, so sleepy that he closed his eyes and went sound asleep on the back of his Good Gray Horse.

THE CUCKOO IN THE LITTLE CLOCK HOUSE

The cock in the barn-yard crows at dawn
To wake the farmer to hoe the corn,
And the merry sun hears his early call,
And rolls through the sky like a big gold ball;
But here in my little clock house on the wall
Every hour I carefully call,
In a sing-song way, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"
Day after day, the whole year through.

AS the Cuckoo finished, from the distant woods was heard the voice of a bird. "Who is calling from the forest?" asked Puss, looking at the Cuckoo in the little clock house.

"That is the cuckoo of the woods," she replied. "She is a lazy bird. She lets the hours go by with never a thought, while I—well, I am a musical reminder of the flight of the hours."

And then, who should come in but the farmer, hungry and tired, and when he saw Puss he said, "With whom are you talking?" For the Cuckoo had jumped inside her little clock house and had closed the door, and of course the farmer wondered why Puss was talking, for he couldn't see anybody around.

THE CUCKOO IN THE LITTLE CLOCK HOUSE

But when he told the farmer the good man wouldn't believe that the Cuckoo could talk, for he had never heard her say anything but "Cuckoo."



Well, after that, dinner was ready, and the farmer's wife got out a little high-chair that belonged to her boy when he was little and placed it near her, and then she called to Puss, and he jumped up and sat at the table as nice as you please.

And after they had finished Puss took a lump of

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sugar out to the Good Gray Horse and set off again on his journey, and by and by he came to a man all dressed in red-and-white striped trousers and a blue coat with stars sprinkled over it. And he was riding on a pony, his whip was made of macaroni, and in his cap a feather gray was waving in a manner gay.

“Hold on, my good sir!” Puss called out. “Pray tell me the name of yonder town.” And then Yankee Doodle Dandy—for this was the man’s name—pulled up his pony and turned around in his saddle.

“Why, it’s Puss, Junior!” he exclaimed. “Glad to meet you again. Do you remember the day we met, how the Man in the Moon came down too soon?”

“I do indeed,” replied Puss, while the Good Gray Horse rubbed noses with the pony. “Where have you been since then?”

“Oh, I’m riding around and singing patriotic songs,” said Yankee Doodle Dandy. “Would you like to hear one?” and then he began:

“Yankee Doodle doodle-do
Loves the Red and White and Blue,
The stars upon the deep blue field,
The Eagle on the battle-field
That flies above the U. S. A.
And leads the soldiers to the fray.”

And in the next story you shall hear the name of the town our two friends were approaching.

“ALL ABOARD!”

THE name of the town I promised to tell you in the story before this was Londonderry. But if Yankee Doodle Dandy hadn't told me, I never would have been able to tell you, for Puss didn't ask him again, for by this time they were crossing a bridge and on a sign-post was painted in big red letters:

LONDONDERRY

And just then they saw a funny little man with a basket on his arm and he was singing in a high, cracked voice:

“To Londonderry to buy a wig,
Jigerty, jigerty, jigerty, jig.
With six nice eggs from the busy farm
In the little basket on my arm.”

And when he saw Puss, Junior, on his Good Gray Horse and Yankee Doodle Dandy on his pony, that little old man began to dance, and his hat fell off and showed a very bald head, and the eggs flew out of the basket and broke all over the ground, but still the

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

little man kept on dancing. And now I'll tell you the reason. It was because Yankee Doodle was whistling such a merry tune that nobody could keep still, not even the Good Gray Horse, who began to prance about and stand on his hind legs. And the pony began to dance, too, and he and the Good Gray Horse stood up on their hind legs and put their front feet together and waltzed around and around again, Mary. Or something like that.

"Please stop whistling," cried little Puss, Junior. "If you don't I'll surely fall off." So good-natured Yankee Doodle Dandy put his hand over his mouth to stop the whistle and soon everybody grew quiet again.

Well, just then a boat came up to the wharf close to the bridge, and the Captain called out, "Sir Cat! Sir Cat!"

"What do you wish?" asked Puss, walking his horse out upon the wharf.

"Come, take a voyage with me," said the Captain. "We are to sail at noon for a foreign shore."

"Let us go, little master," whispered the Good Gray Horse. "I have never seen Neptune's horses with their foamy white manes, nor have I ever been to foreign shores." This was enough for Puss, so he gladly accepted the Captain's invitation, and in a short time the vessel was upon the deep blue sea with little Puss, Junior, and his faithful comrade, the Good Gray Horse.

Now the Captain was a very kind man and soon

“ALL ABOARD!”

he and Puss were the best of friends, and in the evening they sat together and Puss told the Captain all about his adventures, and the Captain told Puss all about his, and, oh, dear me! they had a fine time. And the Good Gray Horse, whenever the wind blew a gale, looked out of the port-hole to see the sea-horses with their flying, foamy manes and tails.

And in the next story you shall hear some more about Puss, Junior, on the deep blue sea.

MR. NEPTUNE

ONE bright morning, as Puss stood on the deck of the ship, he saw a pair of wonderful sea-horses. Behind them they dragged a beautiful pearly boat in which sat a gray-haired man. His long, flowing beard reached below his knees, and the wind and the spray from the waves mingled with it until it was hard to tell whether his beard was not really the long white wake that stretched out from the stern of the boat.

And when the Good Gray Horse, who had carried Puss, Junior, so long and faithfully on land, looked out of a port-hole and saw Neptune's horses, he neighed until they answered him with a shrill cry.

All day long they followed the ship and when evening came they were still in sight. And by and by, when the stars were out and the moon was bright in the heavens above, Puss, Junior, heard Neptune's horses talking to the Good Gray Horse, who had thrust his head out through the port-hole in order to hear what they were saying.

"Come with us," they pleaded, "for the sea is a beautiful place and the seaweed meadows are soft and green."

MR. NEPTUNE

But the Good Gray Horse shook his head. "I don't know how to swim as well as you," and then he looked up to the deck and saw little Puss, Junior, leaning over the rail.



"I have never seen the seaweed meadows," cried our little traveler. "I am in search of adventure. Can you not take my Good Gray Horse and myself in your boat?" And at this the gray-haired man, whose name was Neptune, turned his face toward Puss and spoke in a voice that sounded like the

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wind in a great sea cave, "Are you the son of Puss in Boots?"

"I am, Mr. Neptune," replied Puss. "Oh, please take my Good Gray Horse and me for a ride in your beautiful pearly boat."

And then the Good Gray Horse came up on deck and told Puss to get on his back, and then he jumped off the deck right into the water, and in a few minutes he scrambled into the pearly boat.

"Now show your speed," cried Neptune to his sea-horses, and away they went, faster than the reindeer of Santa Claus, until they came to a lovely green island where Mr. Neptune lived. And when they were on shore Mr. Neptune said to Puss, Junior, "My daughters will be delighted to see you, for they have often read about you in the *Neptune News*, and every night they wait eagerly for the dolphin newsboy to bring it from the porpoise printer." And after that the sea-horses went to their coral stable near the shore and Puss on his Good Gray Horse followed Mr. Neptune to his wonderful castle, where his three lovely mermaid daughters stood waiting to receive them.

And in the next story you shall hear more about this wonderful island where Mr. Neptune lived.

“DING, DONG, BELL!”

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss, Junior, landed on Neptune’s island with his Good Gray Horse, and how Mr. Neptune invited him to go to his castle to meet his three mermaid daughters. Well, as soon as they reached the castle the door opened and there stood the lovely mermaids. And before we go any further, let me say right here that the castle was built in a beautiful green sea-water pond so that the mermaids could swim about in the castle, for of course they couldn’t walk, you know, for they had tails and not feet, as all real mermaids have.

“I don’t know exactly how you’re going to get along in my castle,” said Mr. Neptune, thoughtfully. “You can’t swim, so what’s to be done?”

“Leave that to us,” laughed the three mermaids all in one breath, and, do you know, it sounded just like music, for their voices were very soft and sweet. And then they pushed forward a little mother-of-pearl boat for Puss to ride in. “Now leave the Good Gray Horse out in the meadow,” they said, “for the grass is tender and green and he will have a fine dinner.” And pretty soon they went into the dining-

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hall of the castle and had a wonderful feast. And after that Mr. Neptune showed Puss all over the castle until there was nothing more to see, so Puss



said he must be going, and Mr. Neptune hitched up his wonderful sea-horses to the pearly boat and took Puss and his Good Gray Horse across the water until

“DING, DONG, BELL!”

they came to the mainland. But when they started to get out, the Good Gray Horse said he would like to spend his vacation with Mr. Neptune's sea-horses; so Puss said he might and started off by himself.

Now, at first it seemed very lonely to be going along without his old comrade, the Good Gray Horse, but Puss had done it before, and, after all, he was a brave little cat, so on he went, and by and by he came to a pretty village where the church bell was tolling, “Ding, dong, bell!”

“What can be the matter?” thought Puss, running up to a crowd of people who stood around an old well on the village common. “Something must have happened.”

And just then a small boy began crying, “Pussy's in the well.”

And in another minute a very wet pussy cat was lifted out of the well and placed carefully on the grass. She lay very still, with her eyes closed and her pretty fur all soaked with water.

“Who put her in?” Puss asked, angrily.

“Little Tommy Green,” everybody answered at once.

“What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm
But killed the mice in his father's barn.”

shouted Puss, Junior, forgetting, in his excitement, that he was reciting his favorite Mother Goose rhyme.

“You bet he was,” cried little Johnny Stout. “It's lucky I pulled her out. Perhaps she isn't quite dead.”

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“I’m afraid she is,” answered Puss, Junior. Still, if she wasn’t in the water too long, we may save her. It usually takes a long time to drown the nine lives of a cat.” You see, he knew the old saying that every cat has nine lives!

And then he rolled her over and over on the grass, for he remembered hearing once that this was the proper way to bring a drowning person to life.

Pretty soon poor pussy cat gave a faint, “Meow!” and opened one eye, and after that she stood up with the water trickling down her face and dripping off in little drops from her scraggly tail.

“I guess she’s all right now,” said Puss, Junior. “Isn’t there some kind little girl who will take her home and cuddle her up nice and warm? Isn’t there some little girl who would like a pussy for a pet?”

“Oh, let me have her!” cried Little Bo-Peep. “Since I’ve lost my sheep I’ve been longing for a pet to play with,” and then she picked up pussy in her arms and ran off to her home.

“Well, this ought to be a lesson to every boy here to let pussy cats alone,” said Puss, Junior. “Where is Tommy Green?”

And didn’t Tommy Green look ashamed when some one pushed him out of the crowd! “You tell your father,” said Puss to the naughty boy, “to duck you in the well so you’ll know how it feels,” and then he curled his whiskers until they stood out like bayonets, for he was very angry, and then he picked up his hat and resumed his journey of adventure.

MISTRESS MARY'S GARDEN

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss, Junior, saved the poor pussy cat and how he scolded naughty Tommy Green for throwing her in the well. And I hope every little boy, after reading this story, will never, never tease a poor pussy cat.

Well, after that, Puss trudged along and by and by he met Little Bo-Peep, and, oh dear me! she was crying as if her heart would break, for she had lost her sheep, you know, and didn't know where to find them.

Well, the first thing Puss, Junior, said was, "I'll help you find them," and then he looked around. But there were no sheep anywhere to be seen. And just then Little Boy Blue came by, blowing his horn to call the cows from the fields of corn, so Puss asked him whether he had seen any lost sheep.

"The sheep are in the meadow and the cows are in the corn, and that is why I do not cry but blow my silver horn," replied Little Boy Blue.

Then Puss and Little Bo-Peep hurried down to the meadow, and there, sure enough, were her sheep.

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“And now that you have found them,” said little Puss, Junior, “I must be on my way.” And he set off again, and by and by he came to a garden surrounded by a high wall. So up he climbed and looked over. And what do you think he saw? Why, some silver bells and cockle-shells and pretty maids all in a row. And the pretty maids were only dolls, but Mistress Mary thought they were the loveliest things in the world.

“Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?”

asked Puss, Junior, and then he jumped down from the wall and made a pretty shell house for one of the dolls to live in.

“Oh my, but you’re a nice pussy!” said Mistress Mary, who really wasn’t a bit contrary, you know, and she let him ring one of the little silver bells. And then, all of a sudden, Puss said, “Meow! I’ve got my boot full of sand, and it tickles my toes.” So of course he had to take it off right then and there and pour out the sand, and after that he made up a little rhyme, which went something like this, if I remember right, only I may have forgotten one or two lines, for the little bird that told me had only a few minutes to stay on my window-sill and I couldn’t make my typewriter go fast enough to write it all down:

MISTRESS MARY'S GARDEN

“Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Ring your silver bells
Till the roses and the posies
And the cockle-shells
Dance upon your garden wall
Where the ants and beetles crawl.”

And then Puss took off his other boot, for that was half full of sand by this time, and turned it upside down until it was empty.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

BABY BUNTING BUNNY

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss, Junior, played with Mistress Mary, quite contrary, in her garden of cockle-shells and silver bells. Well, now that the sand was out of his boots, Puss was ready for anything, and when Mary, quite contrary, invited him into the house, he pulled them on in a moment. Perhaps he thought he might get a cooky or a saucer of cream, I'm sure I don't know. Well, anyway, if he thought this, he said nothing, but followed her across the garden and up on the big porch, and just as she opened the front door the big Grandfather Clock in the hall struck the hour.

“Dickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one, and down he come,
Dickory, dickory, dock!”

But, oh dear me! . This was too much for Puss, Junior. It made him think of the good old days when he went mouse-hunting, and so he started after him, and just then Mistress Mary's mother walked

BABY BUNTING BUNNY

into the hall, and before Puss could stop he bumped into her.

"Mercy! What's that?" she exclaimed, while Puss blushed and stammered out an excuse.

"I'm very sorry, but I didn't see you," he said.

"Don't feel badly about it," answered Mistress Mary's mother, and then she looked at our little traveler and laughed.

"Why, it's Puss in Boots!"

"You have guessed nearly right," he answered. "I'm his son, Puss, Junior. I am seeking adventures, and am traveling through Mother Goose Land to meet all the little people who live there."

And then our little traveler began to recite this little poem:

"Oh, I'm the son of Puss in Boots
And I have traveled far.
I've seen the merry Man in the Moon
And the Twinkle, Twinkle Star.
And some day I shall write a book
Of the wonderful things I've seen,
That is, when I've been through Fairy-land
And met the fairy Queen."

And this so delighted Mistress Mary that she took from her little finger a gold ring and gave it to him, "for," said she, "you are a poet, Sir Puss, and I want you to wear my ring to remember me by."

Well, after that Puss said good-by and continued on his way, and by and by he came to a queer little

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

house by the roadside where lived a little rabbit. And when Puss knocked on the door, who should open it but the Bye-O-Baby Bunting Bunny.

“Baby Bunting’s father may be a good hunter,” said the little rabbit as Puss sat down on the porch to have a talk, “but he didn’t catch me; he didn’t get my furry skin to wrap his Baby Bunting in.”

“How was that?” asked Puss. “Didn’t he have a gun?”

“He did,” answered the little rabbit, and then he winked his eye. “But I was too quick for him. Only the bullet took off the tip of my tail.”

And then he told Puss all about it, and I would tell it to you, only there’s no more room in this story.

THREE BLIND MICE

ONE day, as Puss, Junior, was trudging along a pretty road, on either side of which were fields of clover, he came to a shady lane leading to an old farm-house. And just as he was about to open the gate an old woman came running toward him. Her gray hair was flying in the wind and the strings of her bonnet streamed out behind her like the tail of a kite. And close at her heels scampered three little mice.

“Three blind mice! See how they run!”

chirped a robin in the apple-tree.

“They all ran after the farmer’s wife,”

yelped a little yellow dog.

“Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife,”

mooed a big white cow, looking curiously over the old rail fence that bordered the shady lane.

“Did you ever see such a sight in your life?”

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inquired a little black hen, and she flew up on the rail close to the good-natured cow.

“No, I never did,” replied Puss, Junior.

But, oh dear me! just then the old woman turned



and cut off the tails of the three little mice with a great big slash of her carving-knife!

“Squeak, squeak, squeak!” cried the three little mice, one after another.

“Oh dear, oh dear!” cried Puss.

“If you had only arrived a little sooner,” said the farmer’s wife, picking up the three little tails, “you might have saved me all this trouble. I’ve told these pesky mice over and over again if they didn’t stop eating my nut cake I’d cut off their tails. But they wouldn’t believe me, and now they’ve had the impertinence to chase me out of my own house. So

THREE BLIND MICE

I've just gone and done it." And then she waved the three little tails at the three little mice, who were huddled together in a corner of the old rail fence.

"But how could I have helped you?" asked Puss, Junior. "All little animals are my friends, and I never harm any one unless he first harms me. You see," he added, dusting off the red tops of his boots and clapping his hand upon his sword, "I'm a traveler in search of adventure, and my father is the famous Puss in Boots."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old woman. And just then the three little mice came forward and the largest one ran up to Puss and said:

"Dear Mr. Puss, Junior, what you have just said makes my brothers and myself feel that you are a friend. Won't you please ask the old woman to give us back our tails?"

"Will you?" asked Puss, Junior, turning to the farmer's wife.

"If they'll promise to let my cake alone," she replied.

"Indeed we will!" cried the three little mice all at once. So she handed them their tails and they scampered away.

THE LITTLE BLACK HEN

“I WONDER where I’ll go now?” said Puss, Junior, as the farmer’s wife, who had just cut off the tails of the three little mice, returned to the house without even so much as bidding him good-by.

“Come with me,” said the Little Black Hen.

“What for?” asked Puss, doubtfully.

“What for?” said the mooly cow. “Why, she’s the

“Hickety, pickety, my Black Hen,
She lays good eggs for gentlemen.
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my Black Hen doth lay.”

“Indeed!” said Puss. “Of course I will.” And then the Little Black Hen jumped off the fence rail and, giving a contented cluck-cluck, strutted across the field. The good-natured mooly cow and Puss followed.

“She’s a wonderful little thing,” confided the cow to Puss, as they neared a big red barn, on one side of which stood a great haystack and on the other a well-filled corn-crib. “You should see the fine gentlemen

THE LITTLE BLACK HEN

who drive up every morning to get one of her nice fresh eggs."

"Now I'm going into the barn," said the Little



Black Hen, "and when I cackle three times I'll have something to show you."

So Puss, Junior, and the cow sat down on the milking-stool and waited, and after a while, just as

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

the Little Black Hen said, "Cackle, cackle, cackle!" a big automobile dashed into the back yard. "Honk! honk!" screamed the bright brass horn.

"Look out!" yelled Puss, Junior, scrambling off the milking-stool. But the good-natured mooly cow didn't even move. She sat perfectly still and chewed her cud, for she wasn't afraid of automobiles, even if she never had ridden in one!

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen as he got out of the car. "Here's a fine pussy cat booted and spurred and a mooly cow sitting upon a milking-stool. And just then the Little Black Hen came out of the barn and commenced to cackle at a great rate.

"Come in," she said, "and see my nest full of lovely white eggs." So the two fine gentlemen and Puss, Junior, followed her into the barn, and there right close to the mooly cow's stall was a little round nest. But the good-natured mooly cow didn't get off the milking-stool. She just sat there chewing her cud in a most contented way.

"I can't let you have more than two eggs to-day," said the Little Black Hen, "for I'm going to give Puss, Junior, one and that will leave only the china egg in the nest." And after that she sang this little song:

"Every day an egg I lay.
I'm a thrifty hen.
But if you must take two,
Please don't come again."

MY DAME HAS LOST HER SHOE

YOU remember, in the last story, that the Little Black Hen had just laid an egg for the gentlemen. Well, after that the Big Red Rooster strutted around the corner of the barn and commenced to crow:

“Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has lost her shoe.”

“Dear me!” said Puss, Junior, “I’m very sorry.”

“So are we,” said the two fine gentlemen in the same breath as they carefully placed the two little white eggs in a basket and stowed it away on the back seat of the automobile.

“It seems to me I noticed a lady’s shoe by the roadway just before I turned into the lane,” said Puss, Junior. “I think it had a silver buckle on it.”

“That’s it!” shouted the Red Rooster, and just then the farmer’s wife came out of the house.

“Ask her,” said the Little Black Hen. “I don’t remember whether she had a silver buckle on her shoe, but if the Big Red Rooster does, why, it must be so, for he knows everything.” And this so pleased

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

the Big Red Rooster that he turned a somersault and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" over three times.

"Did your shoe have a silver buckle on it?" asked



Puss of the farmer's wife, who, you remember, in two or three stories ago cut off the tails of the three little mice.

"Yes, but what's that got to do with you?" she answered, crossly. "Isn't it bad enough to lose a shoe without being asked if it had a silver buckle on it?"

"Get into the automobile, my good woman," said

MY DAME HAS LOST HER SHOE

one of the fine gentlemen, "and we'll take you down the road and maybe we'll find the pretty shoe, with the buckle on it, too." So the farmer's wife climbed into the car.

"Honk! honk!" went the big brass horn.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" crowed the Rooster.

"Cluck, cluck!" went the Little Black Hen, but the big, good-natured mooly cow never said a word; she just sat on the milking-stool and chewed her cud.

"I'm glad I don't wear shoes," said the Little Black Hen as the automobile disappeared down the shady lane. "I like my little yellow toes just the way they are."

"Boots are very handy on a long journey," said Puss, Junior. "I don't know what I should have done without mine."

"Well, I have no time for travel," replied the Little Black Hen, and after that the automobile returned with the farmer's wife, who began to sing:

"Well, I have found my shoe,
Mr. Cock-a-doodle-do,
And the silver buckle, too."

And then she thanked Puss, Junior, for having told her that he had seen it by the roadside.

And after that he said good-bye and resumed his journey of adventure.

THE DUCK FERRY-BOAT

ONE morning Puss, Junior, awoke to find himself under a spreading chestnut-tree. He had forgotten that he had fallen asleep the night before and that the owl who owned this beautiful big tree had invited him to sleep beneath its friendly shade.

Puss rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The golden rays of the morning sun as they gleamed through the open spaces made him blink and wink, so that he hardly noticed the ferns and wild flowers smiling under the touch of the merry sunshine.

“Heigh-ho!” yawned Puss. “I must be up and on my way, for a traveler must never be lazy.”

“Bravely said,” tooted the owl who owned the tree, and he flew down from his house in a big hollow limb and handed our small traveler a saucer of cream for breakfast. And as soon as Puss had drunk it he said good-by and went upon his way, and by and by he came to a great big pond. But how was he to get across, for there was no boat in sight, and he didn’t want to swim with big boots on his feet, and of course he wouldn’t leave his boots behind him?

THE DUCK FERRY-BOAT

'And while he sat there wondering what to do a big white duck swam up to the bank.

“Oh, duck, dear duck, see, here I stand,
My trusty sword held in my hand.
I wish to cross this water wide.
Upon your back pray let me ride.”

“Get aboard!” said the duck. “I’m just as good as a ferry-boat.” So Puss, Junior, sprang nimbly on her back and away they went over the water.

“Your feet are just as good as paddles,” said Puss, “and you’re painted white—I mean you are white—just like the last ferry-boat I was on.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re satisfied,” said the duck, and she made her feet go so fast that in a few minutes they were at the opposite shore.

“Take this,” said Puss, and he handed the duck a bright penny. “This was given to me by a little boy some time ago, and I’ve kept it ever since. But you take it, for you’ve been very kind.”

“That’s just what I want,” said the duck. “You see, I’m teaching my little ducks how to dive. Now when I get home I’ll throw it in the water and they can dive for it, and whoever gets it first can buy a stick of candy.”

“Well, well,” laughed Puss, “that’s a good idea. Here’s another penny. It isn’t as bright as that one, but it will do in case you lose the first one.”

“By the way, my little friend,” said the duck as

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Puss started to go upon his way, "where do you expect to find lodgings when evening comes?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Puss, "but a wise traveler never crosses his bridge till he comes to



it." And Puss winked as he repeated this saying, which you have probably heard. "About a day's journey from here," continued the duck, "lives a cousin of mine, the Golden Goose. Tell him you know me and all will go well with you," and with these words the duck swam away.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

WELL, after Puss, Junior, left the pond over which the white duck had so kindly carried him, our little traveler came to a forest where sat a Golden Goose upon a log.

“Pray excuse me if I don’t shake hands with you,” said the beautiful bird, rising and flapping her golden wings, “but the truth is whoever touches me can never withdraw his hand.”

“What!” exclaimed Puss, Junior, surprised.

“Most certainly,” answered the Golden Goose. “Did you never read the fairy-story of the little boy who cut down a tree and found me at the roots?”

“Oh, I remember now,” said Puss, “though it is a long time since I read the story.”

(And if any little boy or girl doesn’t know this story, if he’ll write me a letter I’ll tell him where he can find it.)

“But where are you going?” inquired the beautiful Golden Goose as she preened her feathers with her smooth yellow bill.

“Oh, I’m just in search of adventure,” replied our little hero, and he flicked the dust off his red-topped

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

boots and clapped his right paw upon his trusty sword. "I'm a traveler."

And just then a little old gray-haired man appeared,



and so startled the Golden Goose that she fell off the log.

"Fear me not," said the little man, "for was it not I who told the little boy to cut down the tree and release you from your wooden prison?" And this made the Golden Goose feel more comfortable and she scrambled back upon the log and nestled up close to little Puss, Junior.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

“But whom have we here?” asked the little old man, looking at Puss with a kindly smile.

“Puss in Boots, Junior,” replied our little hero, with a bow.

“You look like your father,” said the little gray man. “He had the finest whiskers I ever saw on a cat, and yours are just like his,” and of course this pleased Puss, Junior, immensely.

“But, come,” continued the little gray man, “night will soon be here. I can offer you a night’s lodging and a good supper, for he who travels hard by day must eat and sleep by night,” and with these words the little old man arose and led our two small friends into the forest, and by and by they came to a small hut.

“He is a good man and will not harm you,” whispered the Golden Goose, and then the three entered the doorway.

“I have but little to offer,” said the old gray man, “but such as I have you are welcome to,” and after a little while he made some broth, and with a loaf of black bread they had a hearty supper. And then they all sat around the fire and the little old man told them stories of elves and witches and red stars and pink moons until little Puss, Junior, fell sound asleep and never woke up until the sun was shining through the tree-tops of the big forest.

THE LITTLE GRAY MAN

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss, Junior, went to sleep in the hut of the little gray man of the wood. Well, after he had dreamed of pink moons and red stars and green-eyed witches and black cats, he was awakened by the Golden Goose saying:

“Wake up, little pussy, the sun’s in the sky;
He’s winking at you with his bright golden eye.
So, hurry and dress, as a little cat should,
And soon you’ll be off on your way through the wood.”

And in a short time Puss was dressed and ready for his journey. “I have a favor to ask of you,” said the little gray man, and he handed our small traveler a package.

“What is the favor?” asked Puss. “Before I promise I must know what I am to do, lest in complying too readily with your request I repent at leisure.”

“Never fear,” replied the little gray man, “it is an easy task. Near by stands a stately castle, in which live a King and Queen. For many years they have

THE LITTLE GRAY MAN

wished for a child, and now at last fortune has smiled upon them and the Queen is the mother of a lovely baby girl. To-day is the christening. All the fairies have been asked to the feast and they will bring with



them many gifts. Now, my dear Puss, I am an old, old man and I am not able to attend this grand affair. But, nevertheless, I would send a present. May I ask you to be the bearer of my gift?"

So Puss set out with the little package, and by and by he came to the stately castle where the little baby was to be christened in sight of courtly lords and

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

ladies and the fairies of the wood. And when the King and Queen saw Puss they rose from their throne and said:

“Ah, here comes the son of the famous Puss in Boots, for never have we seen a cat with red-topped boots since the time his illustrious parent paid us a visit.” And after that Puss, Junior, was led up to the throne by two pages.

“Welcome, Puss, Junior,” cried the lovely Queen.

“Welcome, Sir Cat,” cried the King, and he shook our little hero by the paw.

“I have a gift from the little gray man of the wood,” said Puss, “and I am instructed by him to lay it at the feet of the baby princess.” So Puss was led up to the royal cradle, where he carefully set down the gift which the little gray man had intrusted to his care. And when the package was opened what do you think was found inside? Why, a beautiful pair of pearl ear-rings, and on a card was written:

She who wears these rings of pearl
Ne'er shall fear an evil churl.
Noble knight shall win her hand,
Make her queen of all the land.

“Ah,” said the King, “this is a magic gift!” And he smiled at Puss, who felt very proud to have been the bearer of the little gray man's present. And after that he went upon his way, hoping for a new adventure which would turn out as well as this one.

THE WATER SPRITE

ONE morning, as Puss, Junior, came to the edge of a little winding brook, he heard a silvery voice exclaim:

“Who looks within these waters bright
That gleam like silver stars at night
Will ever after think of me,
The Spirit of these waters free.”

And then the loveliest Water Sprite came out of the brook and waved her silver wand over a yellow buttercup, which immediately turned into a golden throne. And after the lovely Water Sprite had seated herself upon it, she turned again to Puss, Junior, and said:

“Whither goest thou, Sir Cat?”

“I am seeking my fortune,” he replied.

“Have you searched for the pot of gold that hangs on a rainbow?” she asked.

“I once slid down a rainbow,” replied Puss, with a grin, “but the only thing I found at the end of it was a big haystack.”

“Well, maybe that was better than a pot of gold,” said the little Water Sprite, “for it no doubt saved your life.”

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“Well, the next time I see a rainbow I shall look for the pot of gold,” said Puss, Junior, and after that he took off his hat and bowed to the fairy Water Sprite and continued his journey of adventure. And by and by he came to a little house in the woods, so he peeked into the window to see what was inside, for the door was closed and he thought it better not to knock, for he didn’t know who might open the door, you know.

And while he was looking in a little dog ran up and opened the door without even so much as a knock. Now, inside was a lovely pussy cat sitting by the fire, and Puss was just going to tap on the window-pane when the little dog opened the door.

Pussy sits by the fire,
Warming all her fur.
In comes a little dog
Just to worry her.

“So, so, Mistress Pussy,
Pray how do you do?”
“Thank you, thank you, little dog,
Much better without you.”

But the little dog began to bark, so Puss boldly opened the door and said:

“Don’t you dare bark at Mistress Pussy Cat,” and then he drew his sword and he looked so fierce that the little dog ran out of the house and far away, and he never stopped till the end of the day.

And in the next story you shall hear some more about Puss, Junior, and his adventures.

THE MISER

YOU remember, in the last story, that Puss had frightened away the little dog that was barking at Mistress Pussy. Well, after that Puss, Junior, was a hero in her eyes. She thought he was the bravest cat she had ever met and she gave him a little gold ring. And then Puss told her he was searching for his fortune and that a lovely Water Sprite had told him to find the pot of gold that hung on the end of the rainbow.

“Well, I can tell you where there is more gold than you will ever find in a pot,” said Mistress Pussy, and then she told Puss about an old miser who lived in an old stone castle not very far away.

“But he won’t give me any of his gold,” said Puss. “People don’t give away money like that, and he’s a miser, too.”

“I will tell you a secret,” said the little pussy cat. “His castle is overrun with rats and mice, and if you can find a way to get rid of them I’m sure he’ll give you a handsome reward.”

“Well, it’s worth trying,” said Puss, Junior. So he said good-by and started off for the miser’s castle,

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

and by and by he came to the big front gate, on which he knocked with the hilt of his sword. And after a while it was opened just a little and a thin, cracked voice asked who dared to knock so boldly.



“Puss in Boots, Junior,” replied our small traveler.

“Oh ho!” said the voice. “A cat, eh? Well, that gives me an idea,” and then the gate opened wider and Puss saw the old miser. And, oh dear me!

THE MISER

wasn't he a dreadful-looking person! His clothes were all tattered and torn, and his hair was long and his beard unshorn.

"If I let you come in," he said, "you must first promise me one thing."

"And if I come in you must promise me one thing," answered Puss, Junior, as boldly as a robber.

And this made the miser stop to think, for he was afraid that Puss might ask him for some money, and that was the last thing he would part with. Yes, indeed. For he was the miserliest old miser in all Mother Goose Land. But he was also very wise, so he didn't reply to Puss, Junior's, remark, but said, "If I let you in you must promise to rid the castle of all the rats and the mice that eat my cheese and spice."

"I will do that if you will pay me well," replied Puss, "for I must have money and you have plenty." But, oh dear me! when the old miser heard that he almost shut the gate. But after he had thought a moment he said, "Come in, and I will pay you well if you rid me of these pesky rats and mice." This is what he said to Puss, but what he thought to himself was that he would let Puss do all this for him and then throw him out of the castle without paying him anything.

TWO BAGS OF GOLD

YOU remember, in the last story, how the miserly old miser was going to let Puss kill all the rats and the mice that lived in the castle, and then not give him a cent for doing it. Well, before we go any further I'll tell you right here that I won't let that mean old miser play any such trick on little Puss, Junior. No, indeed! Not if I have to buy a thousand traps and send them up to the old miser and make him pay for them and Puss, Junior, besides!

"Well, come in," said the miser, and he led Puss into the old broken-down castle. And just then a big rat darted across the floor and a little mouse peeped out of her hole, and this made the old miser very angry. "That's the rat that gnawed the string to one of my money-bags," he said. "And that's the little mouse that ate my bread and cheese," and then that miserly old miser grew even more angry.

"Well, before I begin," said Puss, "I want you to promise to give me two bags of gold if I rid your castle of all the rats and the mice."

"Agreed!" said the mean old miser, although he didn't mean to keep his promise at all, you know.

TWO BAGS OF GOLD

So Puss took off his coat and his red-top boots and his pink waistcoat and his hat with the big waving plume, and then he got down on his four paws and crept softly out of the room. "Ha-ha!" said the old miser. "I'll soon be rid of all the rats and the mice



without it costing me a penny," and he rubbed his hands together, and then he sat down and waited.

Well, he didn't have to wait very long before Puss came back and said:

"There is not a rat nor a mouse left in your castle;

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

not even the baby mice. So give me the money that I may be on my merry way." But the mean old miser began to laugh loudly, and then he said:

"What have you done with them all?" So Puss took him over to the window and showed him all the rats and the mice marching away.

"There they go," said Puss, "and they'll never come back."

"Well, you follow after them," said the wicked old miser, and he tried to push Puss out of the window. And this made Puss, Junior, so angry that he gave three loud whistles, and back came all the rats and the mice as fast as they could. And when the old miser saw that, he brought out two bags of gold and gave them to Puss. "Now tell the rats and the mice to get out," he said in a cross voice. So Puss took the bags of gold and went out of the castle, and all the rats and the mice followed after, and by and by they came to another old castle where a kind lord lived who didn't have any money. So Puss gave him a bag of gold for his castle, and then Puss turned the castle over to the rats and the mice to live in for ever and ever, and the kind lord went to London to live, and Puss went on his way to seek more adventures.

HALF A BAG OF GOLD

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss left the castle of the old miser with two bags of gold under his arm, and how he bought, with one of them, a castle for the rats and mice to live in for the rest of their days. Well, after that he went upon his way with the remaining bag of gold under his arm, and by and by he came to a poor wood-cutter's hut in the middle of the forest. And when he knocked at the door it was opened by the wood-cutter's wife, who was crying bitterly, for her good man was ill and she had no money to pay for a doctor. So generous little Puss, Junior, opened his bag of gold and gave her half, and the rest he put in his pockets, and then he said good-by and went upon his way, and by and by he came across Little Red Riding-Hood. And, oh dear me! wasn't she frightened, for a wicked wolf had scared her poor old grandma nearly to death and had run off with her big fat goose.

“And now we'll have no Christmas dinner,” sobbed Little Red Riding-Hood, and this made Puss feel so badly that he gave her five gold pieces. Wasn't that generous in him? And if he keeps on he'll have to

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

find another fortune, for he won't have a penny left, will that dear little generous pussy cat.

"Heigh-ho!" said Puss to himself. "I wonder what will happen next." And then, all of a sudden, an old owl commenced to toot, so Puss stopped and asked him what time it was. And the wise old bird put his claw in his pocket and tooted again:

"I forgot to wind my watch last night,
And I didn't wake up this morning
In time to ask a robin, you see,
For I was sleepy and yawning."

"Oh dear!" said Puss. "What shall I do?"

"Don't worry," said the kind old owl. "You can sleep in my nest. There is room for two."

So Puss took off his boots and climbed up the tree, and he nearly dropped one of them, for it wasn't easy to hold them between his teeth, let me tell you. Well, when he got inside of Mr. Owl's house he found it a very nice sort of place, for Mrs. Owl kept it neat and clean. And when the next morning came Puss gave them a gold piece and climbed down the tree and set off once more upon his journey of adventure, and by and by he came to a little house, so he peeked through the open window.

"What are you doing, my little men?" asked Puss, Junior.

"Making coats for gentlemen," replied six little mice who were seated around a table, busily sewing.

HALF A BAG OF GOLD

“Shall I come in and bite off your threads?” asked Puss, with a grin.

“No, no, Puss, Junior. You might bite off our heads,” and before he could say a word they scampered away. Wasn't that too bad, for Puss never would have harmed them, and, besides, I wonder what the gentlemen will say when they don't get their coats on time? Perhaps they will give these six little tailor mice a dreadful scolding.

ANOTHER PUSSY-CAT LADY

YOU remember, in the last story, how Puss frightened the six little tailor mice. Well, after that he went down the road, and after a little while he met another pussy cat who carried a green parasol over her head and a pretty vanity-bag in her left paw. So Puss bowed very politely, and then she asked him to walk with her and talk with her, for she was lonely, don't you see, and longed for some one's company.

So Puss told her how he had frightened the tailor mice, and this made her laugh. "I did something like that myself," she said. "I went to London to see the Queen, and while I was there I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

"Tell me about it," said Puss. "I have never seen the Queen." So the pussy cat commenced:

"When I reached Buckingham Palace I was shown into a magnificent room, and just as I heard the Queen coming down the stairs a little mouse ran across the room. And, oh dear me! I forgot all about my manners and went after that mouse, and the first thing I knew I was out of the front door and the big

ANOTHER PUSSY-CAT LADY

tall footman wouldn't let me in again. So I never met the Queen. Wasn't that too bad?"

"And you didn't even catch the mouse?" asked Puss, with a grin.



"No," said the pussy cat, and then she said good-by to our little traveler, who once more set out upon the road in search of adventure.

And toward evening he came in sight of a little cottage, and the cheerful light in the kitchen window made Puss hope that he would find supper and lodging for the night. But no one answered his knock, so he pushed open the door and walked in. And just then

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

a motherly-looking woman came down the stairs and said:

“Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on.
One stocking off and one stocking on.
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John.”

And after that there was a great noise overhead, and pretty soon a small boy came tumbling down the stairs. And when he saw Puss he wanted to play with him right away.

“But I have no time to play with boys who go to bed with their breeches on and one stocking off and one stocking on,” said Puss, Junior. And he picked up his cap and was about to leave, although it was dark outside, for he didn’t like naughty boys any more than you and I do.

“Please don’t go,” said John’s mother, and she gave Puss a saucer of cream, and after that she turned to her naughty son and said:

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you know who this is? Why, he’s the son of Puss in Boots!” And this made John dreadfully ashamed of himself, and he ran up-stairs to bed and went to sleep rightaway, with both his stockings off and his breeches, too. But if Puss hadn’t been there perhaps that naughty boy would have given his poor mother lots of trouble.

SIMPLE SIMON

ONE morning as Puss, Junior, was tramping along a country road he met Simple Simon going to the fair. I guess everybody was going to the fair that beautiful morning, for the road was crowded with wagons and carriages of all sorts. There were farm wagons full of merry boys and girls, and buggies with old people in old-fashioned clothes, and high carts with gaily dressed ladies, and men in red coats. And, oh dear me! how dusty it was! But Puss didn't mind that, for he was used to traveling, and a good traveler doesn't complain.

Well, he and Simple Simon had nearly reached the fair grounds when a man with a big tray of delicious pastry came up. "Pies, pies!" he cried, and when Puss, Junior, and Simple Simon looked at them, they felt very hungry, oh, my, yes!

Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Sir, I haven't any."

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“But I have!” cried little Puss, Junior, and he took a gold piece out of his pocket, and after that they both had all the pie they could eat, and when they had



finished, Puss said, “Is there any custard on my whiskers?” for he had eaten custard pie, and apple pie, and peach pie, and plum pie, and lemon pie, and so had Simple Simon.

And then Simple Simon said, “Is there any on mine?” which made Puss laugh, for Simon didn’t have a single whisker, for he was only a boy, you know.

SIMPLE SIMON

“You’ve got a big smear of raspberry on your chin,” said Puss, Junior, and after that they went into the fair grounds and looked at all the funny sights—the fat woman and the thin man, the giant and the dwarf, and the dreadful skeleton man, and a two-headed cow, and all the other queer sights.

And when there was nothing more to see, Puss said good-by to Simple Simon and went on his way, and by and by he came to a hill, and just then, all of a sudden,

Down the hill came Jack and Jill
And the pail of water after.
Said Jill to Jack, “Alas, alack!
This is no time for laughter.”

And, oh dear me! Puss, Junior, was spattered all over, and the red tops of his boots were wet and some of the water got inside and made his toes damp, and you know how a cat hates water! And if the sun hadn’t been shining brightly in the sky, I don’t believe Puss would have got dry for a long time. Well, after that, he left the road and climbed over a fence into a meadow, and there he met Old Mother Hubbard’s dog, who was burying a bone in the ground for dinner the next day.

And in the next story you shall hear what he said to little Puss, Junior.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

YOU remember, in the last story, I promised to tell you what Old Mother Hubbard's dog said to Puss, Junior. Well, the first thing he did was to invite Puss to take a look at the old lady's cupboard. "Perhaps you can find something to eat there." And the old dog laughed and wagged his tail; and then he covered up the bone which he had placed in a hole in the ground and told Puss to follow him, and by and by they came to Old Mother Hubbard's cottage. And after they had gone in they looked around, but the old lady was nowhere to be seen. But in a few minutes they heard her coming up the garden walk.

"I'm going to make believe I'm starved," said the naughty old dog, and he rolled over on the floor and lay very still.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Old Mother Hubbard,

"Here I've gone to the baker to get him some bread,
And when I get back my poor dog is dead,"

and then she began to cry. And all this time she hadn't seen Puss, for her eyes were full of tears and

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

she kept wiping them with her handkerchief. And after that she went out again and closed the door.

“How can you be so deceitful?” asked Puss.

“I never thought she'd suppose I'd die as easily as



all that,” said the old dog, and he looked ashamed of himself; and I think he should have, for it wasn't very nice to fool an old lady, for it wasn't her fault that her cupboard was bare, for she was dreadfully poor, you know.

By and by she returned, and when she saw her dog sitting up and laughing she said:

“Here I've gone out to buy him a coffin,
And when I get back I find him a-laughing,”

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

and then she patted him on the head. "I don't believe you were hungry, after all," she said.

"Let me lend you a gold piece," said little Puss, Junior, coming out from behind a chair. "It is part of my fortune," and he handed Old Mother Hubbard a sovereign.

"Mercy me! Is this Puss in Boots," exclaimed the old lady, "or is it his son?"

"Puss, Junior, at your service," and our little traveler bowed very low.

"Thank you," said Old Mother Hubbard. "Now you two make yourselves comfortable while I go to the butcher," and she straightened her bonnet and went out. And then the old dog took out his pipe and smoked it and Puss took off his red-top boots and sat by the fire, and after a while the kind old lady returned, and when she saw what her dog was doing she cried:

"I've gone to the butcher to buy some fresh tripe,
And when I get back you are smoking a pipe.

"He's a wonderful dog," she continued as she set the supper-table. It was only last week

"I went to the tailor to buy him a coat,
And when I got back he was riding the goat."

And after supper

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow,
And Puss in Boots, Junior,
Said, "Good-by. Meow!"

THE BAD BLACK SPIDER

ONE morning as Puss, Junior, was wending his way through a pleasant meadow he heard the blast of a horn, and the next moment a herd of cows ran out of the corn-field across the road.

"I wonder who blew that horn," thought Puss, and he walked over to a haystack, where he found a little boy dressed in blue fast asleep. But he wasn't really asleep, for he laughed as Puss tiptoed by and said:

"I'm Little Boy Blue who blows his horn,
To bring the cows from the field of corn,"

and then he blew again on his silver horn.

"I thought you were asleep," said Puss.

"I was," said Boy Blue, "till I woke up," and he laughed again and blew on his horn as loud as a rooster that crows at dawn, and then from the meadow came his sheep, at little Puss, Junior, to take a peep! There, my typewriter has gone and made a poem and written it all wrong! Isn't that too bad?

And just then, all of a sudden, Little Miss Muffet came running across the dewy grass, for it was still early morning, you know.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“Oh, Little Miss Muffet, where is your tuffet?”
asked Puss, Junior.

“Oh, a naughty big spider just sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away,”

sang Little Boy Blue. But the little girl never
stopped. She kept on running until she looked like a



little butterfly at the other end of the meadow. And
then the big black spider who sat down beside her
crawled up and said:

“If you are fond of curds and whey
You’ll find enough to eat to-day,
For Little Miss Muffet has left by her tuffet
A bowlful upon a tin tray.”

THE BAD BLACK SPIDER

"You're a bad spider," said Puss.

"Yes, you're a mean insect," said Little Boy Blue.

And this made the Spider so ashamed of himself that he went back and spun a web and crawled up on one end and never came out again.

And after that Puss went upon his way, for he was bent on finding another fortune, for he had almost spent his last sovereign, and by and by he came to a pretty cottage where stood a little girl, singing,

"Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair."

"Did he promise to bring you a pair of blue ribbons to tie up your bonny brown hair?" asked Puss, repeating his *Mother Goose* as well as you and I, and maybe a little better.

"Yes, he did," replied the little girl, with a pout.
"Did you see him?"

"I met Simple Simon and the Pieman going to the fair," replied our little traveler, "but I never saw Johnny."

And then, all of a sudden, they heard some one whistling, and Johnny came running up with a pair of blue ribbons in his hand.

THE PEA-GREEN BOAT

ONE morning, as Puss, Junior, proceeded on his journey of adventure, he came to a blacksmith shop where a small boy stood outside with his hobby-horse. It was a very pretty hobby-horse, for at the end of the pole were fastened red and yellow wheels, and as one of them had come off, the little rider was at a loss to know what to do. So he said to the kind blacksmith:

“Robert Barnes, my fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?”

And then the blacksmith answered:

“Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;
There’s a nail and there’s a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.”

And this so pleased the little boy that he turned to Puss, Junior, and said, “Would you like to ride my hobby-horse?” And this made the good-natured blacksmith smile, and after he had blown up his fire till the sparks flew all about like stars, he said:

THE PEA-GREEN BOAT

“I will hold the horse, Sir Cat, while you mount.” So Puss got on, saying to the little boy, with a grin which showed all his nice white teeth and made his whiskers stand out like a cavalryman’s, “Do you think he will balk?”

“Oh no,” said the little boy. “He’s a very gentle horsey.”

Well, sir! Puss knew how to ride that hobby-horse just as well as he did his Good Gray Steed and he pranced up and down the sidewalk till he was tired out, and then he said good-by and started off again, for a traveler may not tarry long in one place, you know, and Puss was bent on finding new adventures as well as a fortune. And by and by, after he had gone for many a mile, he came to the seashore.

“Jump into my boat,” said the owner, who was a little owl.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.

“Take the tiller,” said the winky, blinky bird, for the sunlight hurt his eyes dreadfully, you know. So Puss steered the pea-green boat while the owl put on a pair of green spectacles. And then, pretty soon, the wind blew harder and harder and the waves dashed higher and higher, and it was mighty hard work guiding the pea-green boat, and Puss began to fear a shipwreck.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Suddenly, "Ship ahoy!" sounded across the water, and a small round object appeared in the distance. So Puss headed the pea-green boat toward it and pretty soon they saw three men in a bowl.

"Three wise men of Gotham,
They went to sea in a bowl,"

said the owl, "but I don't think much of their wisdom, for the bowl looks cracked to me."

"Help, help!" cried the three wise men, and if Puss hadn't come up close enough so that they could scramble into the pea-green boat, I guess they would all have been drowned, for just then, all of a sudden, down went the old cracked bowl to the bottom of the deep blue sea, where a mermaid found it and filled it full of sea-shells.

"That was a lucky escape," cried one of the three wise men, and then they all began to sing:

*Oh the old cracked bowl is resting on a shoal
At the bottom of the deep blue ocean.
And we never more will sail in a bowl or in a pail,
For a cracked bowl cannot stand the awful motion."

And after that Puss turned the pea-green boat toward the town of Gotham and landed the three wise men on the wharf. And then he set sail again, for he didn't want to stay in a town where the wise

THE PEA-GREEN BOAT

men went to sea in such a nonsensical craft as a cracked bowl.

“If their bowl had been stronger
They might have sailed longer,”

laughed Puss, but the wise little owl said nothing, for he was looking across the sea where a big whale was spouting water high up into the air.

“Don’t get too near that old whale,” said the owl, “for we don’t want to get a shower-bath.” So Puss steered the boat in another direction, and by and by a school of dolphins came by, turning over and over in the water like cart-wheels. And the first thing he knew one of them hit the pea-green boat a dreadful blow and made a big crack in it.

Well, if Puss hadn’t been a fine sailor he never would have reached land. But he did, and then he left the owl to mend the boat and started off on his journey.

PUSS MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

ONE bright morning, as Puss, Junior, was wending his way down a pleasant valley, whom should he run across but Goosey, Goosey Gander.

“You have come just in time,” said our little traveler, “for my legs are tired. Carry me on your good strong back and fly away with me.”

And the Gander was very obliging. He took Puss, Junior, on his back and by and by they came to an old barn-yard, and just then

A cat came singing out of a barn,
A pair of bagpipes under her arm.
She sang nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
Worried a mouse and a bumblebee.
Puss began purring, mouse ran away,
And off the bee flew with a loud huzza!

“You play very badly, Miss Pussy,” said our little traveler, “or was it your purr that frightened the little mouse and the bee?” But the little Scotch pussy cat did not answer. She shouldered her bagpipes and marched off. And after that Puss, Junior, ran up to the bumblebee and asked him for some honey.

PUSS MEETS AN OLD FRIEND

“Why don’t you make your own honey?” buzzed the bee, crossly. “I’m tired of making honey and not getting any money for it.” And I don’t blame him,



either, do you, for it isn’t very nice to work all summer to fill a beehive with honey and then have some big man come around and take it away.

“Oh, well,” said Puss, “fly away, then, to your flowers.” And he turned around and went back to Goosey Gander.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

And the kind old Gander said:

“Get on my back again, and we’ll fly away, for what is the use of staying here?” So off they flew, across the sky so bright and blue, and after a while they came to a stile, that was not nearly as high as the bright blue sky. And who do you suppose was leaning on the stile? Why, Little Jack Horner, who had left his corner because his thumb wouldn’t pull out a plum! And, of course, he was very cross. Oh dear me, yes! He was as cross as two sticks, as the grown-ups say, and that means a great deal.

“I’ll tell Mother Goose when I see her how cross you are,” said Puss, Junior, for he didn’t like cross little boys, and neither do I, and neither do you, I’m sure. So Little Jack Horner went back to his corner in the old snake fence, because he was in a great big meadow, you know, just covered with daisies, and pretty soon along came a great big fly who told him where there was some pie in a baker’s shop, and then he and Puss and Goosey Gander went with him and had a great feast.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

THE OLD MILLER

“The miller he grinds his corn, his corn,
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn,
And Little Boy Blue comes winding his horn,
With a hop and a skip and a jump.”

A LITTLE bird in a tree near by was singing this song as Puss, Junior, came in sight of the old mill, where the water turned the mill-wheel over and over and the little silver fishes swam around and around in the quiet pond.

And as soon as the rusty, dusty miller saw Puss, Junior, he stepped out of the old mill and said:

“Good day, my good Sir Cat. What brings you to my old mill?” Now, of course, Puss had no real reason for coming; he was just traveling along, you know, seeking adventure; so he replied:

“I have no corn for you to grind, my good miller. But will you sit down for a while and talk? I’m a traveler, seeking adventure, and I have seen many sights.”

Then the rusty, dusty miller sat down, but he didn’t brush the flour off his hat nor off his coat, for it would

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

only cover him again, you see, and what was the use of doing the same thing three and four times a day? And I guess that is the reason they called him the "rusty, dusty miller."



"You know," said little Puss, Junior, "my father is the famous Puss in Boots, seneschal to my Lord of Carabas."

"I have read of him in a book," replied the miller.

THE OLD MILLER

“So has every one,” said Puss, Junior, with a grin. “But I am not contented to stay in one place. I must be ever on the go, and that is the reason I left the castle to seek my fortune.” And Puss sighed and stroked his whiskers, for, after all, it’s not such an easy thing to find a fortune. One must work for it, for he who spends must earn, as the old saying goes.

“Well, I stay right here and grind the farmers’ corn,” said the miller, “and every morning they make the flour into cakes for little boys and girls. I find it is much better to be contented with one’s lot than to be forever moving from one spot to another.” And after that the old miller dusted off his cap and patted the gray cat that came out of the mill to sit by his side. And wasn’t it strange? She never took any notice of Puss, Junior, at all. I guess she thought a cat with boots and spurs was not an ordinary cat, and maybe she was right in that, for Puss was very different from the cats you see every day in houses and barns.

Oh every day I grind my corn,
Which the farmers bring at early dawn.
And when I have tied the bags up tight
They come to get them every night.
And then the meal is made into dough
For cakes and puddings white as snow.
I hope each child at breakfast-time
Will think of the dusty miller’s rhyme.

SWEEPING COBWEBS

YOU remember, in the last story, that Puss had made a visit on the rusty, dusty miller, who ground his corn at early dawn for the farmers to make into nice pies and cake. Well, after he had stayed a little while under the great willow-tree that stood by the old mill, he walked away, and by and by he came to a hill. And right here I must tell you that Goosey Gander wasn't with him. You see, that old goose grew tired of flying with Puss on his back, and so decided to stay with the miller and eat corn for the rest of his life.

Well, when Puss came to the foot of the hill he said to himself, "Shall I climb this hill or shall I turn off into the meadow and follow the brook?" And while he was wondering what to do an old woman flew by in a basket. And she was the old woman who went up to the moon to see the man who came down too soon.

And then a little yellow bird began to sing:

"There was an old woman tossed in a blanket
Seventeen times as high as the moon.
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

SWEEPING COBWEBS

'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' said I,
'Whither, oh, whither, oh whither, so high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.'"

"Please take me with you," cried little Puss, Junior.
So the old woman came down close to the meadow



and Puss jumped into her basket, and pretty soon they were flying high up in the air. And every time they came across a cobweb she brushed it away with her

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

broom, for she wanted the sky bright and clear, you see; and perhaps that is why the sky is so bright on Monday, for that is the day, so they tell me, she likes to do her sweeping.

“What do you do on rainy days?” asked Puss.

“Shine the rainbows, dearie,” said the old woman.

“Dear me,” answered Puss, “and did you ever find the pot of gold that is hung at one end?”

“No, not yet,” she replied, “for the fairies are ever on the watch, and before I can get there they take it away and hide it in the woods.”

“Well, I think you ought to be paid for keeping the sky so bright and clean,” said Puss. But the old woman did not reply, for just then a strong wind blew the basket into a tree-top where a robin had a nest full of pretty blue eggs. And when he saw Puss he was frightened to death, for he was afraid of cats, you see, and so are all birds that I ever knew.

“Don’t worry,” said our little traveler. “I won’t steal your china-blue eggs.”

And the old woman said, “Neither will I,” and after that the robin felt so happy that he sang his song just as if nothing had happened.

ROBIN HOOD

YOU remember, in the last story, that the old woman who flew in her basket across the sky and swept off the cobwebs with a broom had taken Puss, Junior, for a ride, don't you? And that they had been blown into a tree, where a little robin had his nest full of china-blue eggs? Well, after that the old woman and Puss climbed down to the ground and the robin threw the basket down to them. And after that who should come by but Robin Hood and his merrie men. And they were all dressed in green, with great long bows and arrows, and, oh dear me! they were a jolly lot! And when they saw the old woman with her magic basket—for it must have been a magic basket to fly through the air, don't you think so?—they said:

“Old woman, we have often read about you in *Mother Goose*. We are delighted to meet you.” And then Puss, Junior, stepped from behind the tree where he had been hiding, and when Robin Hood saw him he said:

“Puss in Boots! Well, I declare!” and he held out his hand and shook our little traveler by the paw.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“We have often read about your famous father,” said the bold robber, for Robin Hood was a robber, you know, and if you don’t, you must read about him.



And then the old woman asked Robin Hood to mend a broken place in her basket. And after that she got into it and sailed away,

“Up in the sky ever so high
I’ll sweep the cobwebs off the sky.”

And pretty soon she disappeared, for the basket was going at a tre-men-dous rate of speed.

ROBIN HOOD

“Well, my little Cat,” said Robin Hood, “whither are you bound?”

“I’m seeking my fortune,” replied Puss, Junior.

“Ha! ha!” laughed Robin Hood. “This is a poor place to seek one’s fortune. For my merrie men and I take good care that we find any fortunes which may happen to be in sight!”

So after that Puss thought he might as well be going on his way. And with a bow to the robbers bold he started off, and by and by he came to a brook that was full of little silver fish. And the King fish had a crown of gold on his head and the Queen fish had a golden throne. And when they saw Puss they said:

“Good day, Sir Cat. What brings you here?”

And Puss replied, “I am seeking my fortune.”

“Look in the bottom of this stream,” said the King fish, “and you will find gold in plenty.” And sure enough, on the bottom of the stream was a thick layer of gold. And Puss filled his purse and went upon his way.

And in the next story you shall hear more of his adventures.

THE GINGERBREAD HUT

WELL, as Puss trudged along through the forest, where he had met Robin Hood and the generous King fish, he noticed that the ground was strewn with little white pebbles as if some one had dropped them to mark the way. And by and by he came in sight of a gingerbread cottage. And the gingerbread looked so nice and fresh that he broke off a little piece and ate it. And just then, all of a sudden, a voice cried out:

“Nibble, nibble like a mouse.
Who is nibbling at my house?”

And after that the door opened and there stood an old witch leaning on a crutch. Her nose was very long and crooked and her chin was crooked, too, and they almost met, so that I don't see how she was able to eat.

“Won't you come in, my dear?” she said in a cracked voice. “I'll give you something to eat, but you mustn't eat up my house,” and then she smiled, but it was a dreadful sort of smile. Oh dear, yes! It was a horrible grin.

THE GINGERBREAD HUT

“I’m not afraid,” thought Puss, and he went inside, and then the witch said:

“Gretel, get this nice cat something to eat, for I see he is a traveler, and a traveler is always hungry.”



So the little girl went to the cupboard and brought out some bread and milk. But, oh dear me! She looked very sad and her eyes were red with crying, I guess, for there were tears on her cheeks.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

And just then the little owl who had sailed with Puss in the pea-green boat flew into the cottage and whispered something to Puss, but the old witch didn't see him, for she was looking the other way.

And what the little owl whispered was that Gretel's brother, Hansel, was locked up in the stable. And when Puss heard that he was angry, for what right had that wicked witch to do such a thing as that? And all this time the old witch was busy making bread, and when the dough was ready to bake she called to Gretel, "Is the oven hot?" And then the poor little girl began to cry, for she was dreadfully afraid of that wicked witch.

So the witch went over to look in the oven, and as she leaned down to peep in Puss gave her a great shove and in she went, and before I've even time to tell it he closed the door with a bang. And then he ran out to the barn and unlocked the door with a big key which he had found behind the kitchen door, and set little Hansel free. "And now you can both go home, for I know your mother is anxious about you," said Puss. So the two children started off at once and followed the line of little white pebbles, which the wise little Hansel had dropped when he and his sister had come into the great, gloomy forest.

And I know they both got home safely, for a little bird who had his nest near Gretel's window told me so just the other day.

BARON BRUIN

AFTER Hansel and Gretel left the gingerbread cottage where the wicked witch had made them prisoners, as I told you in the last story, Puss opened the oven door very carefully to see what had become of that dreadful witch, and what do you suppose he found. A big smoke-colored feather, that was all.

“Put it in your cap,” said his little friend the owl. “It’s a beautiful plume and will guard you against all evil.”

So Puss did, and he looked mighty handsome, let me tell you, with the long gray feather hanging down over his shoulder.

And after that they both started off through the woods, for the owl’s home was not very far away, and he was anxious to show Puss his family, Mrs. Owl and the two little Owls, and maybe a cousin or two.

Well, after a while, not so very long, they came to a big hollow tree. “This is where I live,” said the owl, and when Mrs. Owl heard his voice she looked out of the front door, and the two little Owls peeked

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

out of a window, and then they all flew down to meet Puss.

So he sat down and told them the story of the gingerbread witch, just as I've told it to you, and then it was time for him to be on his way, so he said good-by and started off, and after a while, not so very long, he came to a little cottage in a garden where two rose-bushes grew, one white and the other red.

"This must be where Snow-white and Rose-red live," he thought, and then he went around to the back of the house, for no one answered his knock.

And just then, all of a sudden, a big black bear came round the corner and said in a deep, growly voice:

"How do you do, Sir Cat!"

"How is your health, Baron Bruin?" answered Puss. And, oh dear me! it was all he could do to keep his voice from trembling, for that bear was very big and fierce.

"Don't be afraid of me," said the bear. "I'm off now to the woods to look after my treasures. You will find two of my treasures in the kitchen." And then he ran off into the wood.

And when Puss reached the kitchen door, he knew what the bear had meant by saying two of his treasures were in the kitchen, for there stood Snow-white and Rose-red, two of the prettiest little girls in all Fairy-land. And they knew Puss, Junior, the minute they saw him, for they had read all about his famous father, Puss in Boots, you see. And after that their

BARON BRUIN

mother came in and asked them to get her some fire-wood from the forest. So Puss went with them, and when they had gone into the forest just a little ways they saw a dwarf whose long beard was caught under a fallen tree. He was tugging away, trying to free himself, and making the most dreadful faces all the while.

“Go away and stop looking at me!” he cried, and he tugged some more, but his beard wouldn’t come out from under the heavy trunk.

And just then something happened; but you must wait to hear what it was in the next story, for I have no more room in this one.

THE BLEATING GOAT

LET us see. We left off in the last story, where the little dwarf was trying to pull his long beard from under the fallen tree, while Puss, Junior, and Snow-white and Rose-red stood near by, watching him. And then something happened.

Well, all of a sudden, the big black bear who had called the two little girls his treasures, you remember, in the last story, came running up.

"Now I've got you!" he growled, taking hold of the dwarf.

"Don't hurt him," said Puss, while the two little girls began to cry.

"He is a wicked dwarf and has cast a spell over me," said the bear, and he stood up on his hind legs and threw back part of his long hair, showing a beautiful green-embroidered suit beneath. "I am really a prince, but this wicked dwarf has turned me into a bear."

So Puss called to Snow-white and Rose-red and led them away, and then the bear sat down beside the dwarf and said to him:

"Give me the ring on your little finger or I will kill

THE BLEATING GOAT

you.” And the reason he wanted the little ring was because it was the secret of the little man’s power, and if the bear once got it he would regain his natural shape. But the dwarf wouldn’t give up the ring, so



the bear took it, and it wasn’t such an easy thing to do, either, for that little dwarf was very strong. And as soon as the bear put the ring on his own hand he changed back into a handsome prince and the little dwarf turned into a toadstool. And perhaps that is the reason toadstools are poisonous, but don’t you eat any to find out, for I once knew of a little boy who did and he had a dreadful stomach ache.

And after that Puss went upon his way, and as he journeyed along he whistled to himself to keep up his

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

spirits, for it is very lonely traveling by oneself, let me tell you, and by and by he heard a little goat bleating. And then a soft, low voice said:

“Bleat, little goat, bleat.
Cover the table with something to eat.”

And then, all of a sudden, a little table appeared on the green meadow. And a little girl sat down to a lovely dinner—ice-cream and apple pie and all sorts of good things. And of course this was the most surprising thing that Puss had ever seen, and he looked all around to find the little goat. And then from behind a bush a white goat appeared and sat down at the other end of the table.

“I keep forgetting I’m in Fairy-land,” thought Puss to himself, for, of course, all these things seemed very strange to him. And after the little girl had finished she said:

“Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away.”

And the next moment the table disappeared and all that was left of the good things to eat.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

THE MAGIC TREE

YOU remember in the last story that as soon as the little goat bleated the table disappeared, with all the good things to eat. And then Puss said to the little girl:

“I wish I had a little goat like yours. He’d make a fine companion to me on my travels.”

“I couldn’t part with him,” said the little girl, whose name was Two Eyes, “for without him I should have only crusts to eat.”

“Oh, are you the Two Eyes in the Fairy Story-book?” asked Puss, and he curled his whiskers and smiled at her. And after that he went home with her and the little goat, and when they were quite near her house she said:

“I fear my mother and sisters will treat you ill if you come into the house.”

So Puss said he’d sleep in the stable with the little goat.

Early next morning Puss was awakened by a noise, and, peeking out of the stable, he saw one of the cruel sisters bending over the poor little goat, which she had just killed to spite Two Eyes.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

“What shall I do?” he thought, and then, all of a sudden, a wonderful tree sprang up from the spot where the poor little goat’s blood had been spilled.



Its leaves were silver and its fruit gold, and the morning wind made it sing like a harp.

And after that a handsome Prince rode up on horseback, and the three cruel sisters, on seeing him,

THE MAGIC TREE

pushed poor little Two Eyes under a barrel which they were about to fill with the golden apples.

But the noble Prince didn't see this, for he was still too far away. And when he rode up he asked for some of the golden fruit. But, oh dear me! when those cruel sisters tried to pick the golden apples the boughs of the wonderful tree sprang away from their hands and they couldn't touch the fruit.

"Now's the time for me to do something," thought Puss, and he ran out of the stable and said: "Noble Prince, the fairest of the four sisters is hidden in this barrel. 'Tis she who owns this wonderful tree, and only she can pluck the fruit."

And as soon as he heard that the noble Prince sprang from his horse and lifted up the barrel, and there sat little Two Eyes with her lap full of golden apples.

"Take her away with you," whispered Puss, "for she is most cruelly treated by her family." And then the Prince lifted her up on his horse, and after that he took Puss in his arms and sprang into the saddle, and away they went on his fast horse to his stately castle in the green woods far away.

Over the meadows and over the lea^d
The noble Prince is riding so free,
With little Two Eyes for his beautiful bride,
And little Puss, Junior, safe at his side.

THE LITTLE DOOR IN THE STUMP

“**H**EIGH-HO! now for another adventure!” said little Puss, Junior, as he walked merrily along the King’s highway. For there are beautiful roads in Mother Goose Land, let me tell you, and happy little people all about.

And just then, all of a sudden, the jolly miller from the river Dee, who looked upon his pillow and saw a great big flea, came along, and when he saw Puss, Junior, he said:

“Ha! ha! little friend. Do we meet again?”

And then he took Puss by the arm, and together they went down the road until they came to a stile where the Maiden All Forlorn in days gone by used to stand and cry. But nowadays she smiled. For she was as happy as could be, and the reason was because the Man All Tattered and Torn had made a lot of money and had married her, and they lived in a pretty house on the hill near by. And when she saw Puss and the jolly miller she laughed out loud and said:

“Puss in Boots, Junior, I’m so glad to see you.” And do you know, she picked him up and kissed him, although at one time she had cried when the Man All

THE LITTLE DOOR IN THE STUMP

Tattered and Torn had kissed her; but that, of course, was before he had shaved and made a lot of money! And after that Puss went upon his way; and after



a while he came to a thick forest, so he left the highway and trudged along a little path which wound in and out among the trees, and by and by he grew so tired he sat down to rest on an old stump.

And while he sat there, wondering where next to

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

go, his sword hit the old stump, and, to his surprise, a little door flew open and there, right in plain sight, was a little blue egg.

And when Puss picked it up it also opened, and inside was a bright gold key.

“Fit this to the little yellow door,” sang a yellow bird from a tree-top near by. So Puss did as he was told, and when he had opened another little door on the inside of the old stump he saw a narrow passage, which he followed. But first he drew his sword from the scabbard, for he wasn’t going to take any chances of meeting an ugly gnome, I can tell you.

Well, pretty soon, not so very far, he came to a large room where sat a queer little figure dressed in green.

“Good day, Sir Cat,” said the gnome, for it was one of the little men who live underground, you know. “What can I do for you?”

“I am seeking a fortune,” replied Puss.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the little man, “and do you expect to find it, for that reason?” And then he laughed again, and the cave shook and trembled, for he laughed very loud, you see, and then a great big diamond fell from the roof. “Take the precious stone,” said the dwarf. “You have found your fortune.”

And in the next story you shall hear what Puss did with the beautiful diamond.

PUSS GOES WEST

“Over the hills and far away,
Out in the West where the sky is gray,
Till the sun goes down o’er the purple hills
And the clouds are fringed with their crimson frills.

Out in the West where the mountain crest
Goes to sleep in the sky’s blue breast,
And the tall green grass on the prairie sings
To the tune the West Wind gaily brings.”

THIS is what the little yellow bird sang as Puss, Junior, with the beautiful big diamond which the dwarf had just given him in the last story, walked out of the old hollow stump.

“And now that you have found your fortune,” said the bird, “what are you going to do with it?”

“Leave that to me,” said Puss, gaily. “There is plenty to do with a fortune.” And away he went merrily on his way until he came to a pretty village; and the first shop he came to was a jewelry-store, so in he went and showed the big diamond to the man behind the counter.

“Goodness me!” he exclaimed. “What a magnificent diamond!” And would you believe it, he gave

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Puss over a thousand pounds for it. So Puss put the money in his pocket and started off again. And you may well believe he felt as rich as a king, for a thousand pounds in Mother Goose Land is indeed a fortune!



“And now I’m going West,” said Puss to himself, “for that is where the yellow bird says everything is new and wonderful.”

Well, by and by, after Puss had gone for many a mile, he came across Old Mother Goose on her

PUSS GOES WEST

Gander. She was sitting on the roof of a big red barn and her Gander was in the barn-yard eating corn. But as soon as she saw Puss she came down to earth and asked him to go with her.

“My Gander can easily take two,” she said, “for, although he is a trifle older than when last we met, he is still as strong as ever.”

So Puss got up behind the old lady and away they went, over tree-top and steeple, chimney and mountain, until they came to the western part of Old Mother Goose Land, where lived a great giant called Energy. He was, oh, so big and strong and his cheeks were as red as the sunset, and his eyes as bright as stars, and his arms as big as an oak-tree, and stronger.

“This is little Puss, Junior,” said Mother Goose. “He wishes to see the West.” And then the giant stretched out his hand and picked up Puss and smiled.

And in the next story you shall hear what the big giant said, for he said it so loud that I heard it, although he was so far away. And then the big round sun turned a somersault over the mountain-top and rolled down the other side like a great ball of fire, and all the little fairies began to sing a sleepy song to put the giant's children to sleep.

ON THE WAY TO FAIRY-LAND

YOU remember in the last story we left Puss, Junior, with the big Western giant on his purple hill-top just as the sun was going down. Well, in a little while after that it grew very dark, so the giant said, "Mother Goose, you and Puss, Junior, come into my castle for the night." So in they went, and, oh, dear me! wasn't it a great big place! It was so large that Puss felt smaller than a fly, and the chairs were so high that he couldn't even see the bottoms of the seats, and as for the table—well, it looked like the roof of a big building.

But the giant only laughed when he saw how amazed Puss was, and he leaned over and picked him up in his great hand and set him on the top of the table. And then the Gander flew up, too, with Mother Goose on his back, but even then the giant's head towered above them like a church-bell in a high steeple.

"I once met the Giant of the Beanstalk," said little Puss, Junior, "but he wasn't nearly so big as you."

And then this big giant began to laugh, and, oh dear me! when he laughed the castle shook and trembled and the great chandelier tinkled and trinkled,

ON THE WAY TO FAIRY-LAND

for it was all made of crystals, you know, like the kind grandmother used to have in her house when I was a little boy.

And after that the giant showed them where they



were to sleep, and in the morning, when Puss got up to dress he saw his great host walking in the garden picking roses that were bigger than cabbages. So Puss hurried down and went out in the garden, and as soon as the giant saw him he said, "Come to the stables, my little cat." And then, wasn't it generous in that giant? he gave Puss a beautiful horse. It was really a pony, although it was as big as a horse.

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

And then Puss rode away, after saying good-by to Mother Goose and the giant's family.

Well, after Puss had ridden for many a mile he came to a bridge, and on a sign was written: "This is the way to Fairy-land."

Just over the bridge
And far away,
Is the Land where the fairies
Love to play.
Where dwarfs and gnomes
And wonderful things
Are seen by him
Who merrily sings.

So Puss started right away to sing a song:

"Oh, I'm the famous Puss in Boots,
I mean, I'm his famous son;
I've traveled far, from moon to star,
And my journey's just begun."

And before he could sing any more up jumped a little fairy right in his path and waved her wand. And of course Puss, Junior's, horse stopped and neighed, for he wasn't used to fairies, you know. He didn't mind giants, but he had never seen little tiny people before.

And in the next story you shall hear more about Puss in Fairy-land.

DREAMS

YOU remember in the last story a little fairy stopped Puss, Junior, on his horse at the entrance to Fairy-land. Well, after she had waved her wand, she said:

“Welcome, Puss in Boots, Junior, to Fairy-land. Come, I will lead you to the Prince of the fairies.” And then she waved her wand again and a butterfly appeared, and, seating herself on its back, she flew away with Puss, Junior, following on his horse. And by and by they came to a lovely dell where the fairy Queen was seated on a throne made of red rose leaves. And she was the most beautiful fairy in the whole forest.

“Make a wish, Sir Cat,” she cried, “and I will grant it. For you are in Fairy-land, you know, where wishes come true and dreams are real.”

“Am I really in such a wonderful country?” cried our little traveler, and he jumped off his horse and bowed very low at the foot of the throne. “Then I will make my wish!”

But I’m not going to tell you what it was, but let you find it out. And while Puss made his wish the fairy

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

Queen waved her wand over his head. And would you believe it, the next minute Puss, Junior, found himself back at the castle of my Lord of Carabas.



And there was his father, the famous Puss in Boots, sitting under a tree in the rose-garden.

“O Father dear,” cried little Puss, “here I am back again!” And the old cat opened his eyes—for he had been dozing, you know—and when he saw his son he

DREAMS

jumped up from the chair and threw his paws around him.

“My dear, dear boy!” he cried, and the tears came to his eyes, he was so happy. And then they both sat down, and Puss told him about all his travels and how the fairy Queen had granted his wish. And Puss, Junior’s, father didn’t seem to think it strange at all; he only smiled and patted his son on the top of the head just between the ears, the very place where cats like to be tickled, you know. And then, all of a sudden, little Puss, Junior, found himself in the woods, but there was no fairy Queen in sight and her throne of red roses was gone. Only the big horse which the giant had given him was there, quietly grazing on a grassy place near by.

So Puss rubbed his eyes and looked about him. “Have I been dreaming?” he asked himself. But of course nobody answered; only the big horse looked up and brushed a fly off his leg with his long flowing tail.

“Dear me!” said Puss. “Was it only a dream?”

But, oh, it’s nice to dream, I think,
To dream if dreams come true;
And if they don’t maybe it’s nice.
I’d rather, wouldn’t you?
For then at least we do the things
We’ve often tried to do.

THE RUBY RING

“FAIRY-LAND is a strange place,” said Puss to himself as he traveled along on his big horse. And after a while he came to a queer little hut; and when he knocked at the door, for he was hungry and wished for something to eat, a little old woman opened it and said:

“What do you wish, little traveler?”

“Something to eat,” said Puss. “And some oats for my horse if you have them.”

And then the little old woman went out to her stable and gave the horse some oats and took Puss inside her hut and gave him food, and then she got out her spinning-wheel and said:

“Now tell me one of your adventures, Sir Cat; for I see you are a traveler.”

“I have journeyed all through Mother Goose Land,” replied Puss, and he crossed his legs and curled his whiskers while he tried to think of a story to tell her.

“One day, while I was traveling,” Puss began, “I met Yankee Doodle Dandy a-riding on his pony, and when I jumped up on his horse he wasn’t all aloney!”

THE RUBY RING

And this funny little verse made the old woman laugh, for she didn't think that a cat, even one who wore red-top boots, could make up poetry as he went along. And it does seem marvelous to me that Puss could do it, for I never heard of a cat who was a poet.



“Well, what did you do after that?” asked the old woman.

“Oh, we rode along until we came to a town called Norwich,” answered Puss. “That’s the place where the Man in the Moon who came down too soon wanted to go, you know; only he went by the south and burnt his mouth by eating cold plum porridge.”

And this made the old woman laugh still harder,

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

for she couldn't see how cold porridge would burn one's mouth, and neither do I and neither do you, and the only reason I can think that maybe it did was because the porridge was made in Mother Goose Land, and some things there are certainly very queer, very queer indeed.

And just then there came a tap at the door of the hut, and when the old woman opened it a funny little man, dressed in red with a peaked hat on his head, stepped inside.

"Good woman," he said, and he took off his little cap and showed his bald head as shiny as a china egg. "I have been commanded by the king of the dwarfs to give Puss, Junior, this ring." And to Puss, Junior's, surprise the little man handed him a beautiful ruby ring.

"Goodness me!" said Puss. "Why did your king send me this?"

"Because he once knew your father, the famous Puss in Boots," replied the dwarf, "and he is anxious to do his son a favor."

And maybe Puss wasn't pleased! Well, I just guess he was, for it was a magic ring and would keep away evil and all sorts of trouble.

And in the next story you shall hear how lucky Puss was to have this beautiful ruby ring.

THE DREADFUL BAT

LET me see, it was in the last story, I think, I promised to tell you how the magic ring saved Puss, Junior, from danger.

Well, this is the way it happened. After he left the hut of the little old woman, he went deep into the forest, and by and by it became very dark, and the trees grew so close together and the brambles so thick that Puss could go no farther. So he looked about him, and then, to his dismay, he found that the brambles held him fast; and after that, all of a sudden, a great bat flew near and said:

“You are my prisoner!”

And, oh dear me! Puss did not know what to do, for the brambles held his paws close to his side and he was unable to draw his sword.

And then the bat whirred round and round and flew so close to Puss, Junior's, face that he had to close his eyes. And this was just what the dreadful bat wanted him to do! and then he took Puss, Junior's, sword away from him. And maybe he would have killed our little traveler if, all of a sudden, that dear

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

little yellow bird who is always singing or saying something hadn't twittered from a tree-top:

“Turn your magic ruby ring
Thrice around your finger,
Touch the bat upon the wing;
Hasten! Do not linger!”

And then—would you believe it?—the brambles parted so Puss could raise his paws, and quicker than a wink he turned the ruby ring around three times and then touched the bat on the wing with it.

And what do you think happened then? Why, that dreadful bat turned into a toadstool, and Puss took up his sword, which had fallen on the ground, and cut that toadstool's head right off. And it was a good thing he did, for somebody might have mistaken that toadstool for a mushroom and eaten it, and toadstools are poisonous, you know.

And then that little yellow bird flew down from the tree-top and Puss gave her some crumbs he had in his pocket, and after that she perched herself on his shoulder and showed him the way out of the forest.

And when they came to the broad highway she flew away; but before she went she whispered in his ear, “Don't forget your magic ring!”

And after that Puss came to a deep river, and as there was no bridge he didn't know how to cross over, so he sat down on the bank; and while he sat there a big fish swam up and said to him: “Do you want to

THE DREADFUL BAT

cross over? If you do, get on my back and I will take you over." So Puss jumped on his back and away



they went, and Puss didn't get the least bit wet, for the fish was very careful.

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

SOME OLD FRIENDS

YOU remember in the last story that a kind fish took Puss, Junior, across the river on his back. Well, as soon as Puss set foot on earth he started off on his travels, and by and by he came to Plum Pudding Town, and the first person he met was little Jack Horner asleep in his corner. I guess he had eaten so many plums that it made him sleepy. Well, anyway, Puss took the tip of his tail and tickled Jack's ear, and then of course the little boy woke up.

And when he saw Puss he was so glad that he ran into the baker's shop and bought a Christmas pie with as many plums as you have fingers and I have thumbs.

"Who else lives in this town?" asked Puss, when the pie was all gone.

"Oh, the Queen of Hearts, who makes fine tarts," answered Jack Horner, "and the Cold Plum Porridge Man, and the Patter-cake Baker's Man, and lots more besides."

"Well, I must hurry on," said Puss. "If I wait here I may eat too much," and away he went once more upon his journey, and by and by, after maybe

SOME OLD FRIENDS

a mile, he came to a stile where stood a fat pig with a very fine wig. But he wasn't the pig that went to Bonner, but another pig who was going to



Londonderry. "Let us go together," said Puss, "for traveling alone is sorry business." So he and the pig started off, and after a while they came to a place that was all marshy. There were great, tall cattails and coarse, wiry grass and little pools of water. And

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

right in the middle of a large pool sat an immense big frog.

“Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!” he sang, only his voice was very low and deep.

“Is your name Rowley?” asked Puss, for he had once met the Frog That Would A-Wooing Go, only it was so long ago that he had forgotten how Rowley looked.

“Yes, I am Rowley!” said the frog, “and I’m now a lot wiser. Never again will I leave my pool.” And then he sang this little song:

“A frog who would a-wooing go
Had better have a care,
And not suppose, because his clothes
Are gay and debonair,
That every lady frog who sees him
Will most anxious be to please him.”

And then Rowley sighed and croaked so mournfully that Puss and the pig ran away. For mournful people, you must remember, are not liked nearly as well as those who smile and laugh.

And in the next story you shall hear about a little dog who laughed because a dish ran after a spoon—that is, if the dish doesn’t catch the spoon and eat it up.

THE LITTLE RUG MAN

LET me see. Just as I was ending the story before this I made you a promise to tell you about a little dog who laughed because a dish ran after a spoon. Well, I guess you would have laughed, too, if you had seen such a sight, and so would I and so would the King of France and the President of England!

And the way it all happened was this. After the cow had jumped over the moon, which had happened a long time ago when Puss first started out on his travels, you know, the dish kept on rolling and rolling and rolling, and the spoon kept hopping and hopping, and they both went so far that by and by they came to an old farm-house, and on the back porch was a little woolly dog, and when he saw the dish running after the spoon he began to laugh, and if the dish hadn't suddenly run into a rose-bush I'm afraid that little dog would have laughed himself to death. And it happened just then that Puss, Junior, came by, and so he picked up the plate and called to the spoon to stop running away.

“You don't want to keep this up for ever and ever,”

TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

said our little traveler. And then the farmer's wife came out of the house.

"Goodness me!" she cried. "Here are some little people from Mother Goose Land!" And then she began to sing:

"I love to read dear *Mother Goose*,
Those dear old nursery rhymes,
Where every one had lots of fun
In those old merry times.
And little Jack Horner sat in his corner,
And the pig flew up in the air,
And Goosey Goose Gander so crazy to wander,
Met the old man who fell down the stair."

And, goodness me! she might have kept on singing till doomsday if, all of a sudden, a blackbird hadn't flown down and picked a cherry off her favorite tree. And this made her so angry that she took off one of her shoes and threw it at him, and of course he didn't wait to pick the cherry.

And after that Puss said good-by and went upon his way. And before I tell you what happened to him, the farmer's wife took the runaway dish and spoon into her kitchen and locked them up in her cupboard, and now they look down from the shelf like ordinary dishes and spoons do who have never seen a cow jump over a moon.

Well, as Puss jogged along he came across a queer little man sitting on a rug. And this seemed so funny that Puss stopped to ask him what he was doing.

THE LITTLE RUG MAN

“Sit down beside me,” said the funny little man, and when Puss did the rug went up into the air just like an airship. Over the hills and far away it sailed. And in the next story you shall hear more about this magic rug.

Now in the last story I promised to tell you more about the magic rug, but I'm dreadfully sorry to say there is no more room in this book for another story. So, do you know what I'm going to do? Well, I'll tell you right away. I am putting some more Puss in Boots stories in another book which is to be called *Puss in Boots, Junior, in Fairy-land*. So if you want to hear more about him, you can, for he has some exciting adventures with giants and gnomes and meets many old friends of yours and mine in Fairy-land.



THE END

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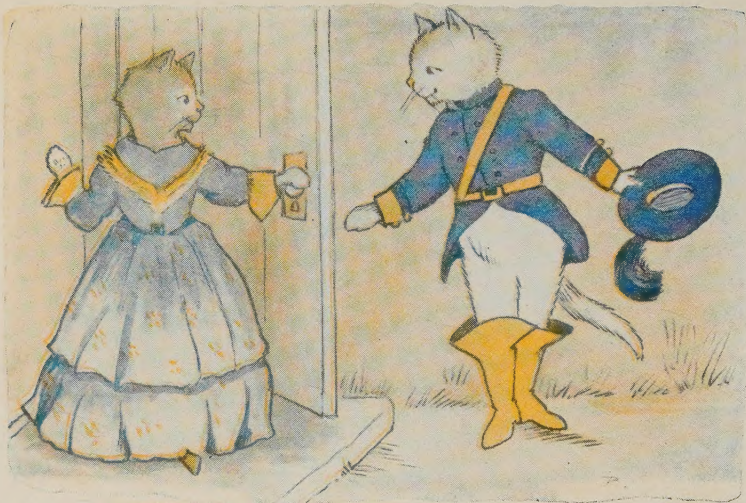
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PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

GROSSET & DUNLAP, *Publishers*, NEW YORK



*Little Puss Boots, hat in paw
Bowed as Miss Pussy opened the door.
"Glad to see you," she purred. "Come in!
My little house is as neat as a pin!"*



*"Grandmother Goose your trusty broom
Makes spick and span each cottage room,"
Said little Puss Boots, doffing his hat,
For he was a most polite little cat.*



*This funny gnome is puzzled quite
Why little Puss Junior is so polite.
But Puss has manners very grand
I would have everyone understand.*



*"This makes a fine table I'd have you know,"
Laughed Puss to Fairy Little Tiptoe.
"We might all dine here on fairy cake,
Unless you fear the toadstool break."*



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